

The Antioch News



VOL. XXXVI.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1922

NO. 4

CHICAGO MAN KILLED WHEN AUTO TURNS

Is Pinned Under Car Near
Grass Lake Late Last
Saturday Night

STEERING ROD BREAKS

One man was killed and another fatally injured Saturday night when the automobile in which they were riding turned over in a ditch on the road near Grass Lake. William B. Bell, 108 South California avenue, Chicago, is dead from a fracture of the skull and the driver of the car, Peter Aitken, 4022 West Twenty-sixth street, Chicago, is suffering from injuries to his shoulder and arms.

Aitken told hospital officials that he and Bell were on their way to Grass Lake when their car was stalled. Another autoist agreed to tow them toward their destination. After some distance had been covered along the road the engine of Aitken's car responded to his efforts and he was able to drive without the car ahead.

After traveling for some time under its own power the car suddenly halted, the steering rod became twisted and the car careened into the ditch at the side of the road. Both were pinned beneath the wreckage and were assisted from the ruins by passing autoists who carried them to the hospital. Bell was unconscious when taken to the hospital and died 24 hours after reaching the hospital.

His companion, however, was able to give an explanation of the accident.

Whipped with Strap He Used On His Horse

Although general public opinion supports the verdict, grand jury investigation is promised of the punishment meted out to Clarence O. Eels of Waukegan, in the court of Justice Schmiltz in Zion City on Saturday. He was given ten lashes with a leather strap knotted at the end.

Eels, who recently faced a charge of cruelty to animals and to his family in justice court in Waukegan, but who was dismissed for want of prosecution, was arrested for a similar offense in Zion City. His horse, which was drawing a wagon in which Eels was riding, was severely lacerated with the same leather strap with which Eels received his punishment. It is said:

When haled into court, Eels is alleged to have entered a plea of guilty. Justice Schmiltz then imposed a sentence of ten lashes with the strap, and Chief of Police Becker applied the leather.

Eels took his punishment and went his way. He promised, it is claimed, to remain away from Zion in the future.

State's Attorney Smith, in discussing the matter, said that he did not believe Justice Schmiltz was backed up by the state code in the sentence. However, in view of the general sentiment which supports the punishment, he was reluctant to be quoted at length. It seems that Eels was recently accused by the Humane Society of having killed a horse with an axe for a fit of anger.

FOR SALE
Cement
6 nice
Price su
ing for
ALSO
H. H. ME

20 Years Ago in Antioch

Thursday, Oct. 2, 1902

In the past week, according to J. C. James, Jr., local weather recorder, 5.90 inches of rain has fallen.

Elmer Quillidge left on Tuesday for Springfield where he is in attendance at the state fair this week.

John Engman moved into the house he recently purchased of W. C. Scherf the forepart of the week.

C. P. Westorfield of Waukegan began surveying Tuesday to establish the sidewalk grade, the ordinance of which was passed by the board some time ago.

Chase Webb was buying new goods in Chicago Tuesday.

J. A. Thain of Millburn was transacting business in Antioch Monday.

Lee Mideendorff has entered H. A. Radtke's barber shop to learn the trade.

Gideon Thayer is building a house on the lot recently purchased in the Johnson addition.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. James, Jr., Friday, Sept. 26, 1902, a son, "Joe," has not decided whether he will name the young democrat Grover or Wh. J.

Lake County Fair 3 Days Next Year?

This year's Lake County fair fell less than \$2,000 short of being a paying attraction, according to figures made public following a meeting of the board of directors at Libertyville. In addition it was pointed out that there remains \$1,000 in collectable bills which will reduce the deficit to less than \$1,000.

While only meager statistics were available, it was said that \$13,300 was taken in at the gate. The remainder of the fair's revenue was obtained from the grand stand and concessions.

Next year's fair may be a three day attraction instead of a five day fair, it was hinted at the meeting. President Woodin, it is understood, is fostering the three-day fair plan in order to put the event on a paying basis. He points out that two days each year are losing days, while the other three always attract big crowds and pay out.

WHEELOCK RESIGNS AS FARM ADVISER

C. E. Wheelock, county farm adviser for Lake county for the past two years, has resigned his position effective Sept. 20th. The executive committee of the Farm Bureau appointed J. J. Douschuk, at present adviser of Union county, to fill the vacancy. Mr. Douschuk will begin his duties Nov. 1.

It was with regret that the executive committee of the Farm Bureau accepted the resignation of Mr. Wheelock as he has done notable work in the organization. Mr. Wheelock will take a vacation for a short time previous to assuming other duties in his vicinity.

WILLIAM STRATTON'S MOTHER PASSES AWAY

Mrs. Mary O'Boyle Stratton, 72 years old, mother of William J. Stratton of Ingleside, chief fish and game warden of Illinois, died last Wednesday at Ingleside, the homestead of the Strattons since her husband took it up from the government in the early days. Besides William she is survived by her daughters, Mrs. Maile Dibble and Mrs. Harriet Stanton, and two sons, Harry and John.

Flag in the Army and Navy.
In accordance with naval regulations, the colors are raised at 8 o'clock in the morning and lowered at sunset. In the army the flag is raised at sunrise and lowered at sunset.

Peary's First Venture.
Peary's first North polar expedition lasted four years, 1898-1902, during which period he failed to get nearer than 348 miles to the pole.

Why Religious Education?

Since the Religious Education movement is gathering such momentum throughout the country and is manifestly not a mere fad, but a great movement destined to become permanent, having behind it the sober, earnest thoughtfulness of America's greatest leaders, it is important that there should be a clear understanding of the real reason for it.

For some time the leaders in religious and moral and social realms have been conducting searching investigations, and found that religious life among the people was rapidly declining for a number of years; and that the decline of religion was resulting in a general and rapid moral decline; and that this moral decline, in turn, was threatening the very foundations of our whole civilization. Vice, crime, lawlessness, anarchy and violence were rapidly increasing. Moral restraints were being rapidly thrown to the winds among large sections of the population.

The leaders of the best thought of the country became definitely convinced that our civilization was headed for the rocks unless there should be a great new program of effective religious propaganda which shall bring a vital religious life to the people. The old fashioned revival meetings, which had so effectively kept up the spirit of real religion among the people for a long period, was gradually passing away, and nearly all careful students of the situation became convinced that, though revivals will always have a large place, they are not likely ever again to have the supreme power, so as to be adequate to the task of maintaining the religious life of the nation.

This inevitably meant that there must be some great new agency developed which can perform the gigantic task of developing a vital religious life among the people and maintaining it permanently.

A careful study of the whole problem is in the light of history and the word of God, with a very clear insight from psychology, left no doubt

that the only agency which can lay hold upon the thinking and life of the people, in such fashion as to develop the vital religious life necessary to save our civilization, is some effective plan of Religious Education. Particularly, it appears clear from history that the only agency which has been able to develop and steadily maintain for any long period, in the past, a profound conviction and a firm adherence to the principles of genuine religion has been the agency of persistent instruction of the young. They faced a choice, therefore, between the failure and fall of our civilization, on the one hand, and the development very quickly of a swift-working, nation-wide system of Religious Education. They set about this gigantic task.

There were set to work on the task the highest grade expert engineers in the fields of religion, morals and social life for the production of a system. Already they have worked out a system which, though far from perfect, has been put in operation with the result that there is already a definite checking of the moral abandon, through the religious life engendered in the hearts of many thousands of the youth.

The definite outlook is that this is very soon to be the greatest, most outstanding movement in America. It is now occupying the foremost place in the thought of all the churches. Practically all our greatest statesmen are not only favoring, but urging it. School authorities in every field of education are vying with the most enthusiastic churchmen in enthusiastic efforts to get it in operation and bring it to higher perfection. There is no other movement in America today which is claiming so much of the thought of the most earnest and thoughtful people. And the reason is that something must be done to save our people, our nation and our civilization, and thorough investigation has convinced those who study the situation that Religious Education is the only thing that can be done with any large hope of success.

Louis K. Scottford Dies at His Lake Catherine Home

Louis K. Scottford died Saturday morning in his sleep at Playtime cottage, Lake Catherine, of heart block. His home was at 6433 Harvard Ave., Chicago, but he and his family had been at Lake Catherine most of the time since the first part of May.

Mr. Scottford was the last of the pioneer rubber stamp men of the country, having had a large part in the development of the business. At the time of his death he was president of the Superior Type Company of Chicago. The last few years he had been greatly interested in the talking machine business, being president of the Oratone Company of Chicago. In both of these lines he had taken out a number of patents for new devices. At the time of his death he was working on an improved automobile clutch.

Funeral services were conducted Monday afternoon at the lawn overlooking Lake Catherine and at the North Shore cemetery by Rev. A. J. Francis and Rev. G. R. Cady, pastors of Pilgrim Congregational Church of Chicago. Full bearers were officers of Superior Type and the Oratone Companies. A large number of people from Chicago were in attendance.

Mr. Scottford is survived by his wife, Mrs. Martha W. Scottford, and three children, Mrs. L. S. Doney of Okanogan, Wash., John R. Scottford of Cleveland and Louise C. Scottford of Chicago.

GIRL DRIVER BREAKS THROUGH NEW ROAD

A Ford sedan with a girl at the wheel and bearing two other girls and a young man broke through the barricade at Maple avenue onto the pavement on Main street and continued south to the village limits where they again broke the barricade and went laughingly on their journey.

APPLE TREE IN BLOOM SECOND TIME THIS YEAR

Apple blossom time has come round again in Lake county. For the second time this year, a large tree on the farm of Mrs. F. Scott Durand near Lake Bluff is in full bloom. The summer crop of apples from the tree was picked a few weeks ago.

Loon Lake Cottage Burns to Ground

The Jolly Joseph Club, one of a number of cottages on the west side of Loon Lake, was completely destroyed by fire about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon. The fire started from a kerosene stove, and, swept by a strong east wind, soon had the place a mass of flames, which threatened to destroy the entire settlement of about ten cottages. A bucket brigade of about 50 men and women worked throughout the blaze endeavoring to save the two nearest cottages, which were damaged to some extent.

Antioch fire department received the call after the fire had made quite a headway and because of the road being closed they had to make the run over the Grass Lake road. In coming east on the Grimm road near Loon Lake, one of the front springs of the truck owned by the Antioch Lumber & Coal Co., carrying the pumping machine, broke and the heavy car plunged into the ditch. The machine was going at great speed and it was only by a miracle that no one was injured. The trip to the fire was completed, but the bucket volunteers had already saved the remaining cottages.

LAKE VILLA PLAYS WILMOT ON SUNDAY

Lake Villa baseball team, which won the title of Lake County champions, will play the Wilmot nine, champions of the southern Wisconsin championship. The game will be played at Wilmot. The teams have met two times this season, each winning a game. Richter will probably pitch for Wilmot and should give Lake Villa a good toss-up. Davison and Kingsley will take care of the Lake County champions battery job.

INDIANA HOG, 1,060 LBS., TO BE WORLD'S LARGEST

The world's largest hog will be an Indiana product, according to Hugh L. Mahoney of La Fontaine, Ind. Mr. Mahoney is now feeding a Poland China boar which weighs 1,060 pounds, stands 46 inches high, and measures 84 inches in length. He expects to have the monster fed to maturity by the middle of January.

AUCTION SALES

There will be an auction sale on Saturday, Sept. 30, at the Frank Fox farm, located 1-4 mile north of Pikeville corners. Twenty-one head of livestock will be placed on sale, together with a complete outfit of farming machinery and implements. Vendel Bole is the owner of the goods and they will be sold by L. J. Slecum. The sale will start at 11 a. m.

Another auction sale of interest will be held on Tuesday, Oct. 3, when the A. Goayo property on the Tamrack farm, located three miles east of Antioch and one mile west of Hickory Corners on the Hickory road, will be placed on auction. The property consists of 48 head of livestock and farm machinery. Much hay, grain and other goods will be offered as well as household goods. The sale will be conducted by L. H. Freeman and will start at 10 o'clock.

Dies of Heart Disease After Cranking Auto

Exhausted after experiencing considerable trouble on his trip from Chicago to Fox Lake, Philip H. Davies, 44 years old, Chicago, dropped dead at the wheel of his car in the Lake Villa road near Lake Villa at 12:30 o'clock Sunday morning. His wife and two daughters, who had stepped from the car to render assistance when the auto became stalled, found him lying across the wheel. They summoned aid and the body was taken to Lake Villa. A coroner's jury in charge of Deputy Coroner Edward Conrad decided that death was due to organic heart disease.

Davies, the father of six children, started from Chicago Saturday evening to Fox Lake. Several miles out on the road he experienced trouble with the mechanism of the car. He made many stops to regulate the machine and finally reached the Lake Villa road after midnight.

Again the car stopped and he was forced to alight. He spent several minutes cranking and then stepping into the automobile requested his wife and daughters to aid in getting it started. They stepped behind the car and pushed it for several feet along the road. There was no response from the engine and the wife went forward to investigate. She called to her husband. There was no answer. He was dead across the steering wheel.

Help arrived from Lake Villa and the car was taken to that city. Examination of the body was made and the verdict of the examining physician was that Davies had died of heart disease. The violent exercise of starting the car had caused him to become weakened, it was held.

Richard Schmidt Buys Channel Lake Cottage

Richard E. Schmidt, of the firm of Richard E. Schmidt, Garden & Martin, architects, of Chicago, purchased one of the Will Gifford cottages at Channel Lake last week. The transaction is stated to have involved \$10,000.

Mr. Schmidt is a great booster for this section and his enthusiasm for golf has carried him into the presidency of the newly organized golf club, the Channel Lake Country Club.

The statement appearing in the Antioch News of last week to the effect that the club was organized by residents of Lake Marie and Channel Lake is denied by club members, stating that Lake Marie is not at present represented on the club's roster.

BOYS RELEASED AFTER PAYING FOR DAMAGE

The six Chicago boys who were arrested a week ago for the wrecking of the cottage owned by E. Cox at Shady Nook on Lake Marie, were discharged after paying the cost of the damage, which amounted to about \$150.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AT THE POSTOFFICE

The following unclaimed letters are at the Antioch postoffice: Miss Florence Butterfield, Miss Rosa Bender, Mrs. J. Dittus, Samuel H. Dowbrey, Mrs. Jack Gunn, Mrs. W. H. Mack.

DEALERS OFFER LOWER PRICE FOR OCT. MILK

Meeting at LaSalle Hotel
Yesterday Expected to
Be a Deadlock

WERE OFFERED \$1.90

What looks like a producers strike for higher prices for milk is dependent on the outcome of today's meeting of the milk board of the Milk Producers' Association with the buyers committee of the Chicago dealers.

At the meeting last Friday at the La Salle hotel between these two bodies the buyers were asked \$2.37 for milk for the next six months. The buyers, after an hour's conference, offered a counter price of \$1.90 for October and \$1.80 for November. This price was of course rejected by the board.

The board then went into session with the directors and representatives of the locals of the Milk Producers Association and a recommendation was made and passed that the board be instructed not to accept less than \$2.22. With this definite instruction to the milk board and the attitude of the buyers in offering less than the September price for future months it is not unlikely that there will be a deadlock between the two bodies.

Just what the outcome of this will mean can not be analyzed at this time. The fact that the producers in the fluid milk district are asked to accept a lower price when they are now operating at a loss is bound to put them in a last stand attitude.

Due to the split in the ranks of the producers in their attitude to the Milk Producers and the Cooperative Marketing Company it is thought that the buyers are taking advantage of this situation and at the same time dealing the Marketing Company another blow by lowering the price of milk to the disadvantage of that company.

It will be interesting to watch the outcome of this latest move on the part of the buyers of the Chicago district in their effort to overcome organization work of the milk producers. With the attempt to lower the price in Chicago and the raising of the price in the butter district, it is a plain case of putting the Marketing Company between two fires.

One of the latest moves of the dealers in Wisconsin against the Marketing Company, according to an Elkhorn paper, is the attempt to stop operations of this company on account of there not having a charter in that state. This attempt to block the efforts of the Marketing Company will no doubt fall as the company is doing a legitimate business, and these small town tactics will only tend to bring the farmers closer together.

In case of a deadlock at today's meeting of the milk board and the buyers, it is expected for the present that each local will handle its own situation. Notices will probably be sent out for a meeting of the Antioch local for Thursday night for a meeting with officials of the local plant.

FOX LAKE SUED FOR DAMAGED AUTO

Breaking of a bridge in the village of Fox Lake and causing a loaded truck to fall through has made the village a defendant in a suit for \$500 damages filed in circuit court by Albert Jentink.

According to Jentink, he was driving over the bridge in that village with a loaded automobile truck when the bridge gave way. He states the truck was damaged to the extent of \$500. The case will be heard before Judge Edwards in October.

PAYS \$15 AND COST FOR BOAT SHOOTING

A Algren, who was arrested on Saturday, Sept. 16, at Grass Lake, for shooting from a motorboat, was arraigned before Justice James last Saturday and was fined \$15 and costs, the total amount being \$32.20.

At the Churches

St. Ignatius' Church News

REGULAR SERVICES
Holy Communion 8:00 a.m.
(Except 3d Sunday)
Church School 9:45 a.m.
Morning Prayer 11:00 a.m.
Holy Eucharist 11:00 a.m.
(Third Sunday of Month)

Last Sunday was the Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity and the services were as usual at St. Ignatius' Church. Owing to the fact that many of the people are away on their vacations the attendance was not as good as usual, but we hope that the people will soon be back again. Father Baty was present as usual for the Early Service and Mr. Brock was also back from his vacation and conducted Church School and Morning Prayer. The music at Morning Prayer was rendered by Mr. D. L. MacTaggart, who played well as usual.

Friday of this week is the feast of St. Michael and All Angels, a most important feast of the Church which has always been known as Michaelmas. St. Michael was one of the four archangels and we read concerning him in the Book of Revelation the 12th chapter and the 7th verse: "There was war in Heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in Heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him." This is the old story of the conflict of good and bad, and St. Michael was the champion of the army of the good against the army of the bad angels.

The sermon last Sunday had for its text: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you." In this passage of Holy Scripture, Our Lord emphasizes the beauty of the lives of the field, "who toll not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." He also says: "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into

Is Your Church Represented?

The Antioch News wants to print the happenings of your church, or perhaps parts of the sermon or items of interest in your midst. Ask your minister to contribute your church news to the church page of The Antioch News. We will be glad to print it for you.

Methodist Episcopal Church News

SUNDAY SERVICES:
Sunday School 9:45
Morning Service 11:00
Epworth League 7:00
Evening Service 7:45

Our Annual Conference open at Princeton on Wednesday of next week, with Bishop Nicholson in the chair. This is the Rock River Conference and includes about the northern fifth of the state.

In this small area, there are five districts, with 323 pastoral charges and over 55,000 members. In addition to the 323 preachers who are pastors of charges, there are 41 preachers, members of the conference, filling other positions, being mostly professors in our educational institutions and officers in our great benevolent boards. This makes a force of 369 active preachers. There are also 65 retired preachers members of the Conference.

The officials of the Antioch Church are busy this week transacting the last end of the business, as all books must be closed up this week, to permit the making out of the reports for Conference. Every one having any business to transact with any of the officials of the church should be sure to look after it without delay.

One of the most encouraging things to be found anywhere is the unusually large numbers of conversions being constantly reported from our foreign and home mission fields, resulting from the enlarged work made possible by Centenary money.

DOES IT PAY TO WORRY ABOUT APPENDICITIS?

Can appendicitis be guarded against? Yes, by preventing intestinal infection. The intestinal antiseptic, Adlerka, acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel removing ALL food, decaying matter which might start infection. EXCELLENT for gas on stomach or chronic constipation. It removes matter which you never thought was in your system and which nothing else can dislodge. One man reports it is unbelievable the awful impurities Adlerka brought out. S. H. Reeves, druggist.

Medical Methods Unchanged.
The physicians of Tibet 1,500 years ago employed the same methods of diagnosing the condition of a sick person as the physicians of the present day—they felt the patient's pulse and looked at his tongue.

Has Root in Selfishness.
We are fond of exaggerating the love our friends bear us; but it is often less from a principle of gratitude than the desire of prejudicing people in favor of our own merit.—La Roche-foucauld.

Sincerity Shown in Deportment.
An inward sincerity will, of course, influence the outward deportment; but where the one is wanting there is great reason to suspect the absence of the other.—Stern.

Writings That Occupy Small Space.
N. Peters, a London banker, perfected a machine by means of which he wrote the Lord's prayer in a space not exceeding one 350,000th part of an inch. Epigrams and prayers written in one 100,000th part of an inch have been freely sold in London.

Phone 29 Farmer's Line
E. J. LUTTERMAN, D. D. S.
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THE LATEST FILM

By MARY LOUISE BUZZELL

"I do wish that Jerry would come and put those screens on—If he ever intends to," complained Mrs. Ingalls fretfully, making a futile slap at an intrusive fly. Her daughter Jessie laughed, but the laugh became a frown at the added: "Now, if you hadn't quarreled with Dick he would have—"

"No, he wouldn't," interrupted the girl curiously; "he'd be too busy entertaining strange girls to bother with anything so mundane as screens—but you run right along to your Ladies' Aid meeting and I'll put the screens on myself—without the assistance of any man."

She began pulling her sweater on over her house dress, preparatory to fishing hammer and tacks out of the tool box, and paying no attention to her mother's shocked. "Why, Jessie Ingalls, are you crazy?" or her added, "How will you get up on the roof without breaking your neck?"

"Oh, the veranda roof is almost flat! And haven't we a perfectly good ladder? And haven't I been climbing trees and things ever since I was ten years old? You run along, Mumsy, and I'll have a big surprise for you when you get back—a surprise in screen land!" and the girl waved an airy good-bye to her mother with the hammer.

She hurried to the barn for the ladder, and with the roll of wire screening under her arm and the necessary tools in her sweater pockets, the rosy "handy maid" climbed to the roof and measured and cut the screens for all the windows opening thereon. Then she worked her way cautiously down toward the ladder. But alas! None too securely braced at heel, it had succumbed to the force of the wind, and now lay on the ground, many feet below!

The girl, peering at it over the edge of the roof in wide-eyed dismay, found herself neatly and securely tucked out of house and home, so to speak, with no means either of reaching the ground or of gaining access to the chambers.

So at last she disgustfully curled up against the side of the house and settled herself to wait for her mother's return.

After two hours of weary waiting, two big tears rolled down the girl's cheeks, making for themselves a path through the dust and grime acquired by labor; then the two tears were reinforced by others until audible sobs broke the quiet; broke it so effectually that a young man passing the house heard and wondered what had happened. Coming closer, he saw the fallen ladder; raising his eyes, he saw the girl, now a perfect Nibbe of angry grief.

He entered the yard, lifted the ladder, and, poling it to midair, proceeded to interview the fair prisoner. "Jessie Ingalls, if I help you down will you be good, and—and—marry me?"

The girl uncovered her eyes, choked back a sob and snapped: "No, I won't, Dick Harland! You can take yourself out of my yard, and stay out! I—I like it up here; and—and—I'm—er—just resting!"

"Um-m-m! So I see!" responded the intruder, thoughtfully. "But before I go I am going to tell you for the last time—the very last time—that it was not a strange girl you saw in my car, but my cousin Sally; and that she is not a 'vamp,' as you called her! And I declare, there she comes, and Dolly Parker is with her! And if they catch sight of you on that roof—"

The girl on the roof gasped, then snapped out an indignant: "Dick Harland, you help me down, quick! If Dolly Parker sees me up here I shall never hear the last of it! Hurry!"

Putting the ladder in place, he scrambled up and held out his arms to the girl. She meekly slid into them and was helped to the ground, barely in time to escape the eyes of the approaching girls.

Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Ingalls came up the walk and, seeing her daughter sitting on the steps in the circle of Dick's arm, gasped: "Why, Jessie—I—I am surprised!" She received in return a cool: "Yes, Mumsy—I told you I'd surprise you! What have we got for supper? Dick is going to stay. And the screens are all on—every one of them!"

"And this is the latest film to be screened!" added Dick, boldly kissing the girl beside him before jumping up to open the door for his prospective mother-in-law.

Steam Turbine Not Modern Invention.
Experiments with a steam engine invention were being made 150 years before the Christian era by an old Greek experimenter of Alexandria. He had an apprentice named Hero. Hero constructed the first steam turbine engine which was of the reaction type, but for all that it would spin like a top. He also invented a steam whistle and a pneumatic blower by which he could sound trumpets and organ pipes in a way that mystified his public. Hero also made temple doors open and close mysteriously by use of compressed air and pistons. He made a fountain which is still a philosophy known by his name. He made the first machines to be put in operation by inserting a coin in a slot and a "dilettante" or "spying tube" which was the forerunner of modern spy glass and opera glass.

A FLAPPER TALE

By FANNY RICHARDSON

Flop was so tired that she didn't care much what happened, which meant that nothing would happen, because one usually has to hop around a bit to keep the old world stirring. So she found a quiet corner sheltered behind a large palm leaf plant and through the chinks watched the dancers.

Dreamily she pictured herself sliding about on the floor, a vivacious little dapper with flapping skirts and flying away beaus hovering about her. "The life of the party" she had always been called. She sighed and unconsciously murmured out loud: "It's a great life if you don't weaken."

"It sure is." Flop turned her hobbled head in astonishment. It was evident that she was not alone behind the palm leaf plant. A young man, a tow-headed person she had never seen before, was sitting beside her, looking absently at the dancers.

She kept getting sleeper until, finally, she thought she was resting on a soft cloud.

The last of the dancers were leaving. Flop opened her sleepy eyes to find herself propped up in a rather cozy manner against the tow-headed boy. Flop managed a rather stupid "What?" and gazed at him, open mouthed. He turned and said in a matter-of-fact tone, "Shall we go, now?"

Flop's head was still soaring in pink clouds. She managed a "Yes." Then she stammered: "But Jim was going to take me home. He brought me. I hid . . . you see, I was so tired of it all."

"That's all right," said the young man. "I guess Jim has gone. There are only two couples left. He probably looked for you, but we are pretty well screened in here."

He disappeared to get her wraps. Flop sighed. Almost immediately the young man returned with her wraps and they were soon briskly walking on the street. Flop said not a word for two blocks. Then suddenly she murmured: "It's rather late, isn't it?"

"Rather," said her companion. Another block . . . silence. "Don't you think this is rather improper?" she queried softly.

"Rather," was the answer. Two blocks . . . silence. "That is my house. The one with the slanting roof and the high fence."

"May I see you again?" "Yes . . . but why?" "I know . . . but . . . you're so different from the other girls . . . then flappers . . . so quiet and softlike . . . the others are too noisy . . . always on the go . . . never tired . . ."

At this juncture Flop's sleepiness disappeared. As soon as she had climbed into her soft bed she knew the reason why. What had he said? He liked her tired and softlike . . . the others were too noisy . . . funny . . . and she had said Friday night. What would she do? He would find out Friday that she was noisy, always on the go, too. She buried her face in the pillows and sobbed.

It was seven o'clock Friday night. Flop was putting the finishing touches to her hair in front of her bedroom mirror. "Damn!" she said to the reflection. "I can't help it. I've tried everything. Walked almost all day in high-heeled shoes on rough roads . . . spooled my nails working in the garden all week . . . but I don't feel the least bit tired . . . I feel just as peppy as any flapper in the town, and he said he liked them soft and tiredlike. Ding!"

Suddenly she had an idea. Her eyes fell on a pair of small, pretty pumps lying under the bed. She would put them on because they made her feet pinch and her head ache.

At eight o'clock a rosy young lady answered the tinkle of the door bell. She was sorry she was tired, she explained to the young man on the doorstep. She had walked a long way that afternoon and her feet were sore and she had cut her finger on the bread knife.

"They went into the parlor and for an hour sat soberly talking. Of course she couldn't play with the sore finger, and dancing was out of the question. Finally she could stand it no longer. Murmuring an apology, she rushed out of the room with amazing swiftness for one with sore feet."

Two hours later, they were still dancing to the tune of the victrola. She had not been able to remove the bread cut. It was a natural occurrence, but she had changed her shoes. They seemed to tuck consistently together . . . and noisily. "Say," he said suddenly, "do you mind if I tell you, but I thought you acted rather queer the first part of the evening . . . you were tired, weren't you?"

"Yes, rather." He looked at her admiringly. "Say," he blurted out, "do you know what a peach you are? I like 'em peppy with lots of pep. And speaking of flappers, you're the nicest little flapper I know." Flop smiled, his nose and laughed. Inwardly she said, "Aren't men pe-ullars?"

Important.
"I think you should have told me about your divorce before you married me."
"Why, she is out of my life, dearie!"
"Maybe so, but her alimony isn't."

Oakland School

Editor Sam Klass
Mr. D. Klass of Antioch visited friends in Chicago Saturday and Sunday.

A kerosene stove in one of the cottages of the Jolly Joseph Club exploded Sunday afternoon and set the cottage on fire. It burned to the ground. Other cottages nearby were scorched.

Mr. and Mrs. Christensen of Waukegan visited at G. Anderson's Sunday. Frank Cox was home Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hughes and family spent Sunday in Libertyville.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Smith and Mr. and Mrs. John Smith and son, who have been visiting at Thomas McCann, returned to Chicago Sunday.

Miss Tessie Cunningham of Wadsworth visited at George Martin's over the week end.

Emmons School

Editor Robert Runyard
Francis Gray was home over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Chval spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kasik.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Runyard visited friends in Wisconsin Sunday. Mrs. J. R. Mason left for her home at Ghnell, Iowa, Friday, after spending several week with her daughter, Mrs. Earl Skiff.

Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Anderson, Nellie and Eleanor Cobb visited school last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Kufalk visited friends at Spring Grove Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Ferris were called to Lockport, Ohio, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Ferris' grandmother.

SALEM

Too Late for Last Week

The farmers are busy filling silos in this vicinity.

Several attended the Wilmet fair this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McVicar entertained their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. Klammer of Zion City, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Smith of Waukegan visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Burdick the week end.

Miss Irene Smith visited relatives the past week here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Smith will move into the Barnes house next week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Schultz will vacate the Barnes house and move into the Pease house.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster of Kenosha were callers here the first of the week.

Mr. Roy Burdick shipped hogs to the northern part of the state Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Bloss entertained relatives the past week.

Mrs. Rosa Farrell and family visited Mr. and Mrs. King of Pleasant Prairie Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Paddock returned from their motor trip Monday when they visited relatives in Aurelia, Iowa.

The Salem Band played at Wilmet Friday. Mr. Wright, the leader, has accepted a position with the Holston Company, and will soon move to Burlington.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Cook will move into the house vacated by Mr. Wright.

Mr. L. McVicar is filling several silos with his Fordson.

Mr. W. Peterson was a Kenosha visitor Monday.

A number of the campers at Paddock's Lake have returned to the city.

The Paddock school opened Monday with Miss Mattison of Brighton, teacher.

NOTICE

State of Illinois, County of Lake.

To whom it May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Anna Niggemeyer, petitioner, will present to the Divisions of Pardons and Paroles of the Department of Public Welfare in the October term in the year A. D. 1922, offering a petition asking for the pardon of George B. Niggemeyer, who was convicted of murder at the December term of A. D. 1921, of the Circuit Court of Lake County, of Waukegan, Illinois, and sentenced to a term of 25 years in the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet, Illinois. Dated September 13, 1922.

ANNA NIGGEMEYER, Petitioner.

Dangerous Thinking.

A man who is sick and thinks himself well is in the greatest danger.—Aitchison Globe.

Acre Lots for Sale in Rinear's Subdivision

Just east of the depot and just outside of the Village. No Village taxes, no special assessments. Just taxes like you pay on the farm.

THREE Lots Sold Last Week

BUY NOW and get your CHOICE. Only fifteen lots left.

\$500 PER LOT

This land is the most fertile in Lake County. Elegant for gardens.

J. C. JAMES
ANTIOCH, ILL.

FOR SALE

Cement block veneer building, 6 nice rooms, 4 car garage. Price suitable for anyone looking for a real home.

ALSO 300 foot frontage in Lake View Subdivision, Lake Villa, lake rights.
H. H. MEIER, Lake Villa

Uncommon Sense . . .

By
JOHN
BLAKE

ENERGY IS CAPITAL

A LAKE cannot turn a turbine, though it contains more water than a cataract.

All the knowledge you can accumulate in a lifetime will do you no good unless it can be translated into energy.

The difference between doors and wishers in this life is a difference of energy.

The wishers want things. The doors get them. It is hard work getting them, but energy is the force that can accomplish hard work.

The reason you see so many men succeed whom you know to be no better fitted mentally than failures of your acquaintance is because the successful men are energetic.

Energy is the driving force behind everything that is done.

All of us have some of it, or we could not live.

Those who have a great deal usually get along, unless they constantly misdirect it.

There are, of course, energetic people who never get very far. But even they get farther than they would if they were content to sit still.

If the maxim, "Everything comes to him who waits," were amended to read, "Nothing comes to him who waits," it would be true.

As it stands it is one of the most misleading and dangerous falsehoods in existence.

Your energy is your capital. Use it wisely and economically and it will pay you an almost usurious rate of interest.

Half use it, or waste it on things that are of no value, and you will just about make a living, which is a thing no man of ambition wants to do.

Education teaches us to use our energy profitably. An educated man can, or should, get more out of the same amount of energy than an uneducated man, exactly as a turbine gets more out of a column of falling water than the old-fashioned overshot wheel.

Yet the energy must be there, or the education must be useless. There must be driving force which will apply what you have learned to your problems. Nothing important was ever accomplished by education alone.

KIDDIES SIX

By
Will M. Maupin

WRITING IT AT HOME

A BUNCH of four—four happy kids Chock full of fun and pleasure. All four a mighty big expense. But every one a treasure. And when I want it, quiet like So I can do my writing. The noise that bunch begins to make Sounds like two armies fighting.

One clambers over my machine; One asks for help with "numbers"; One for my pencil makes demand; One my tired knee encounters. "A dozen eggs cost forty cents. What will three dozen cost?" And by the time I write it out My thread of thought is lost.

One sticky hand is reaching out To grasp my thinning locks. One piercing voice makes loud demand For help with building blocks. "My pencil's broke; please sharpen it. So I can write the rest." And then the thoughts I've garnered in Are all knocked gaily west.

But when, at last, the sundown comes And all four little heads Are resting on the pillows white Of two soft, downy beds; And all is quiet round the house Where once the noise did ring, I start to write—and then I find I am a dodgasted thing!

(Copyright by Will M. Maupin.)

Mother's Cook Book

Scarlet tufts are growing in the green like flames of fire; the wanderers of the prairie know them well and call that flower the "painted cup."

EVERY DAY GOOD THINGS

THERE always will be in most families some waste bread. Not a small bit should be wasted for there are countless ways of using it.

Nut Loaf.

Take one cupful of chopped nuts, two cupfuls of bread crumbs, one-half cupful of hot water, the same of melted butter, one egg well beaten, one teaspoonful of mushroom catsup, one-half teaspoonful of onion juice, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Mix the ingredients in the order given, form in a roll and bake in a moderate oven one hour, basting occasionally with butter. Serve hot with brown sauce.

If you haven't got energy, cultivate it. Put your health in good condition and your physical energy will improve, and with physical energy you will gain mental energy.

Be careful how you use both. You can't settle a business tangle if you have been playing tennis all the morning. The exercise will use up the energy that ought to be expended on the job. Your brains can't use what your muscles have used already.

Energy is always capital, but it must be well and prudently invested.

Take care of yours. Add to it by care of your health, and by abundant mental exercise. Then expend it on important matters, and don't be afraid to expend it liberally. It is one thing of which the more you spend the more you will have, provided, of course, it is not foolishly wasted.

(Copyright, by John Blake.)

ONCE IS ENOUGH

MEOW!
WOW!
WOW!



Ships Have Chaparons.

Mistress-at-arms is the official title bestowed on the official chaperons who have been added to the working personnel of all vessels operated by the United States lines. Their especial duty is to look after the comfort and welfare of all girls who are traveling unattended.

SCHOOL DAYS



Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

FAIR-OFF TOMORROW

THOSE happy-go-lucky individuals who manifest so little interest in the stirring events of life, which are buzzing like bees all around them, are often insensible to their lamentable delinquencies.

Occasionally, however, their consciousness flutters a moment, but seemingly changing its benumbed mind, yawns, nods and falls asleep to dream.

But they are going to wake up and do something tomorrow.

They will yank the old world from its easy chair and wake its billion inhabitants with an earthquake.

Hitherto they have been slumping a brilliant course, not quite matured yet, or in a fit state to be presented in its entirety to their intimates, who have wept over them, prayed for them, and done their utmost to arouse them to action.

There is, however, no declaration on the part of these habituated drones of making undue haste.

The months and years stretch ahead in long rows on either side of tomorrow's path. Why fuss, fluster and worry?

Why should they bother themselves while youth is so full of delightful expectancies and time so abundant.

They are not seeking the dull, common roads in life, but the magnificent avenues that take direct to fame and wealth in the glare of sunlight and amid the plaudits of an admiring world, swept suddenly off its feet by the daring work of genius.

So the years drift by, and in their drifting there comes sometimes to these disciples of the god of futurists a petrifying fear that makes them sick at heart.

With an odd mixture of humility and pride stirring in their ill-arranged brain they are prompted to exertion. But they have unconsciously lost the skill which was theirs when life was vibrant with power. They reach out but they touch not. And now, all of a sudden, a terrible realization overwhelms them.

While they were loitering, putting off until tomorrow, their plodding associates were improving their time, gaining respect and an assured competence for the bare days of winter, sighting its appearance in the naked branches of the trees and drifts of snow-flakes.

Tomorrow is man's most terrible trouble maker, luring by promises which are seldom redeemed and leaving him ragged and alone at the crossroads, where youth and opportunity lie buried in the piled up heaps of dust and ill-spent years.

These Efficiency Courses. "That new employee of ours doesn't seem to accomplish much." "No, he hasn't time. He's too busy being efficient."—Life.



ON THE JOB
Some men shirk
From sun to sun—
The collector's work
Is always done.

Jewelry is New Fad

Craze for Necklaces, Pendants, Bracelets, Earrings.

Buyers Are Enthusiastic Regarding Bright Future They See in Store for Decorations.

The craze for new types of jewelry, particularly for necklaces, pendants, bracelets, brooches, earrings and head-dresses, is steadily increasing, writes a fashion correspondent in the New York Tribune. Combinations of pearls, brilliants and platinum, pearls and onyx and the use of semi-precious stones, such as lapis, jade and colored crystal in sets that are especially designed to accompany certain costumes, are having a wide vogue. Manufacturers of imitation jewelry are hastening to copy these new designs brought out by the leading jewelers and launched by the most exclusive dressmakers and their smart clientele.

Several American buyers returning from abroad expressed great enthusiasm regarding the bright future which they consider is in store for novelty jewelry, especially pieces in black and white effects, such as in combination of crystal and onyx and jet and pearls. Crystal, jet and pearls are frequently combined, especially in necklaces. The combination of these three is exceedingly pleasing, the whiteness of the crystal offsetting the blackness of the jet.

There are necklaces formed of long, twisted chains of fine pearls finished with a tassel which has as the last bead an onyx somewhat larger than the last pearl, the whole being held by an onyx slide. Others consist of a tassel of pearls having an onyx top, which is suspended on a long black silk cord. Still others have silver and marble tops and small pearls set between links of silver for the chain.

Plaque pendants or cabochons, which are suspended from silk cords or narrow velvet ribbons, are made from crystal or from onyx set in steel frames having a small motif of either enamel or stone. These are distinctly reminiscent of the Second Empire period. Other cabochons are of crystal set in a frame of steel and decorated with a motif of marisette.

Those who are fond of colorful effects will take kindly to crystal cabochons in colors and to the dull gold novelties set with colored stones. Frequently the cabochon is of colored glass with a motif applied to it of fine metal. Again the pendant is of the metal ornamented with colored stones.

White occupies the center of the stage, so fashion decrees, and when of crepe and beaded in bugle beads, it becomes a gown of charming appearance. The pointed skirt and black cash are its chief characteristics.

cabochons in colors and to the dull gold novelties set with colored stones. Frequently the cabochon is of colored glass with a motif applied to it of fine metal. Again the pendant is of the metal ornamented with colored stones.

Plaques in discreet colorings are featured for outdoor and tailored wear. English mixtures and wools in mixed colorings are strong for all type of tailored garments. Brown is the great leader for daytime wear, in all shades from dark tete-de-negre to fawn. Green is being pushed by many of the manufacturers, in intense shades, also in reseda and dark myrtle.

In silks, as in woolsens, for day wear, brown, green and black are good. For evening, all the shades with a reddish base, such as flame pink, orange and purples, are favored.

Blue in bright tones, on the order of king's blue and blue with a gray base, of the Copenhagen family, also are favored. Bright blue, in fact, stands out as the marked color note for the year, but used chiefly as a decoration, or in combination with black.

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Current Wit and Humor

DOMESTIC NOTE

"Poor Mrs. Jones!" sighed the sympathetic neighbor. "She must lead an awful life. She tells me her husband hasn't a single fault; he is a perfect man."

"But that should make her happy!" "Not any. Why, what on earth could she have to keep up a conversation with him?"

Up to the Minute. "So your son Bill is going to law school?" asked a neighbor of Farmer Furlough.

"Yep," answered the farmer. "But he don't pay no attention to his books. I reckon 'mebbe he's goin' to be one of these unwritten lawyers I've read about."

An Appropriate Title. Parkins—I wonder why they named this picture theater the Beehive?

Parkins—Have you ever seen any of their pictures?

"Never."

"Well, if you ever do you'll know the reason, all right, because after each one you find a picture of a bee stung!"—London Answers.

No Chance Left. "I think he must be a hopeless failure."

"Hopeless? Has he tried many things?"

"Everything. Even to the writing of moving picture scenarios."

"And failed at that?"

"Absolutely."

"It does seem that there is nothing left for him."

Misleading Applause. The orator, the public notes And to applause is stirred; And yet some cheer will get the votes Who scarcely said a word.

Ma Butts In. "I'm what do they mean by going from the sublime to the ridiculous?" asked Clarence.

"It means a girl dreams of marrying some wonderful prince and then goes and ties herself up to a boob like your father," snapped ma.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Poor Mary. "Mamma, why do they wax people?" "They don't; where did you get that idea?"

"I heard uncle tell papa that at midnight the party waxed Mary."

Service. "Not many old-fashioned housekeepers left," declared the grocer.

"No. Some of our customers expect us to supply dyed eggs for them."

The Ubiquitous Female. She (during argument)—You must not forget that Truth is a woman.

He—Well, so is untruth, for that matter.

She—What do you mean.

He—You've heard of Misrepresent, haven't you?

Striving to Please. Fastidious Diner—I want roast chicken. Make sure it's young—and tender. Oh, and see that you bring me a leg.

Whiter—Yes, sir! Right or left leg, sir?

A Silent Yell. "So you're a graduate of a burgher's college?"

"Yep."

"What's your college yell?"

"Sh-h-h."

That Much Settled. "If you don't like this one, why don't you change burghers?"

"This one has become reconciled to the fact that I won't buy any hair restorer."

Incorrigible. Teacher (to literary class)—Now, give me some word like "hemorrhoid."

First Pupil—Bedow.

Second Pupil—Bednob.

Third Pupil—Begnob.

Fourth Pupil—Begnob.

According to Quality. Flubb—Brown paid \$25 for one of his photographs.

Dubb—Wasn't that rather steep? Flubb—Not at all. It happened to be a snapshot of himself kissing a bathing beauty at the beach!



White occupies the center of the stage, so fashion decrees, and when of crepe and beaded in bugle beads, it becomes a gown of charming appearance. The pointed skirt and black cash are its chief characteristics.

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OUR COMIC SECTION

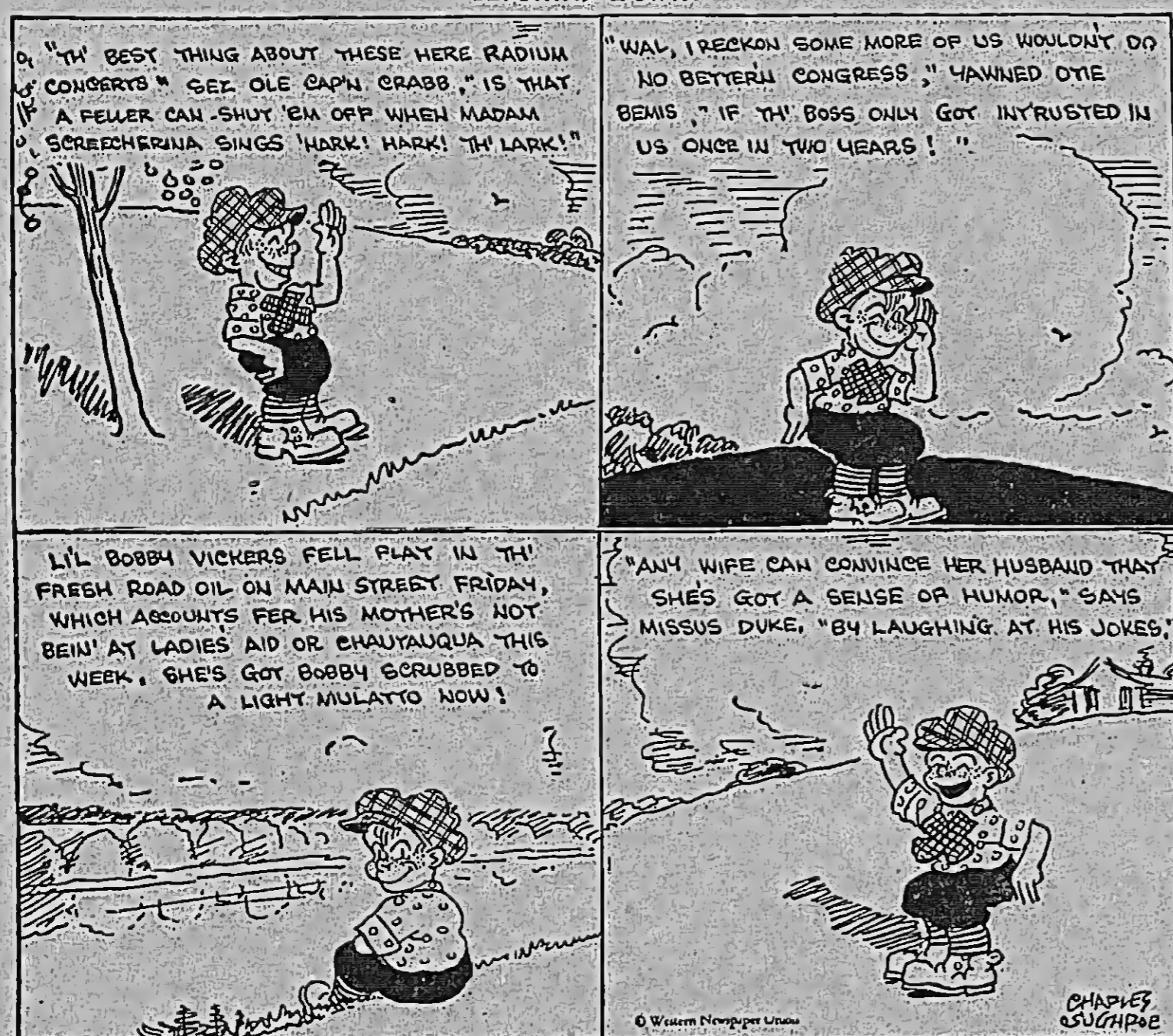
R'member

WHEN THEY ARRESTED GIRLS FOR WEARING BLOOMERS WITHOUT A SKIRT—

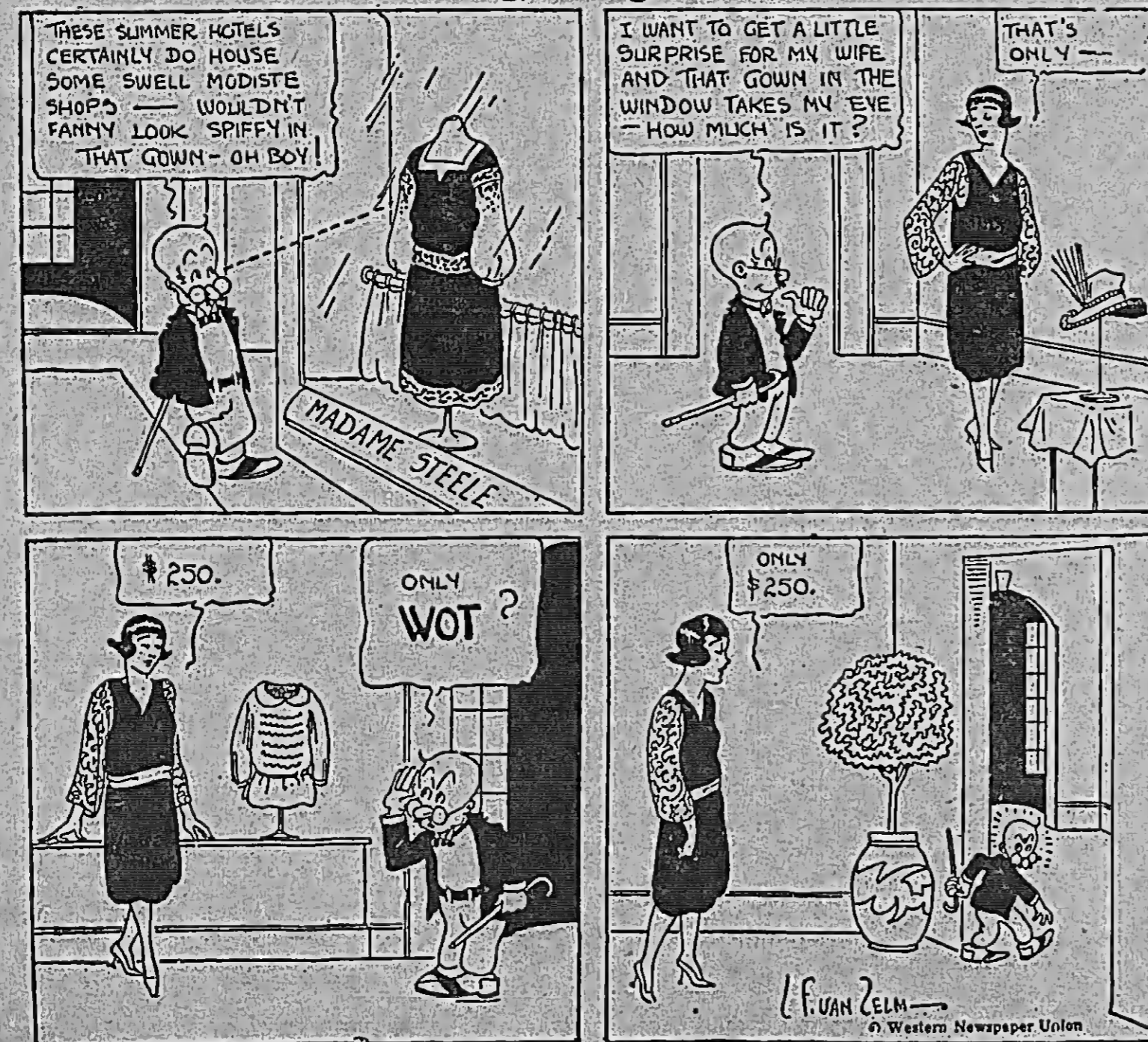
AND NOW



"Around Town"



Going, Going—Gone!



DAIRY HINTS

FEED POINTS FOR DAIRYMAN

To Obtain Maximum Milk Production Cow Must Be Attended to at Proper Moment.

If you would get a maximum milk production from your cows, feed the right feed at the right time and in the right amounts, advises M. H. Keeney, dairy specialist of the New Jersey State College of Agriculture.

Mr. Keeney gives the following practical suggestions for dairymen in feeding for milk production:

1. Feed all the roughage a cow will

2. Feed some succulent feed such as

3. Feed a balanced ration.

4. Feed grain in accordance to milk

5. During short pastures supplement

6. Feed and milk regularly.

7. Supply an abundance of pure

8. Give access to salt daily.

9. Purchase grain feeds on the basis

10. Feed and milk regularly.

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Uncommon Sense . . .

By
JOHN
BLAKE

ENERGY IS CAPITAL

A LAKE cannot turn a turbine, though it contains mere water than a contract.

All the knowledge you can accumulate in a lifetime will do you no good unless it can be translated into energy.

The difference between doers and wishers in this life is a difference of energy.

The wishers want things. The doers get them. It is hard work getting them, but energy is the force that can accomplish hard work.

The reason you see so many men succeed whom you know to be no better fitted mentally than failures of your acquaintance is because the successful men are energetic.

Energy is the driving force behind everything that is done.

All of us have some of it, or we could not live.

Those who have a great deal usually get along, unless they constantly misdirect it.

There are, of course, energetic people who never get very far. But even they get farther than they would if they were content to sit still.

If the maxim, "Everything comes to him who waits," were amended to read, "Nothing comes to him who waits," it would be true.

As it stands it is one of the most misleading and dangerous falsehoods in existence.

Your energy is your capital. Use it wisely and economically and it will pay you an almost fabulous rate of interest.

Half use it, or waste it on things that are of no value, and you will just about make a living, which is a thing no man of ambition wants to do.

Education teaches us to use our energy profitably. An educated man can, or should, get more out of the same amount of energy than an uneducated man, exactly as a turbine gets more out of a column of falling water than the old-fashioned overshot wheel.

Yet the energy must be there, or the education must be useless. There must be driving force which will apply what you have learned to your problems. Nothing important was ever accomplished by education alone.

KIDDIES SIX

By
Will M. Maupin

WRITING IT AT HOME

A BUNCH of four—four happy kids Check full of fun and pleasure. All four a mighty big expense, But every one a treasure. And when I want it quiet like So I can do my writing, The noise that bunch begins to make Sounds like two armies fighting.

One clambers over my machine; One asks for help with "numbers"; One for my pencil makes demand; One my tired knee encumbers. "A dozen eggs cost forty cents, What will three dozen cost?" And by the time I work it out, My thread of thought is lost.

One sticky hand is reaching out To grasp my thinning locks, One glaring voice makes loud demand For help with building blocks, "My pencil's broke, please sharpen it So I can write the rest— And then the thoughts I've garnered in Are all knocked gully west.

But when, at last, the sundown comes And all four little heads Are resting on the pillows white, Or two soft, downy beds, And all is quiet 'round the house Where once the noise did ring, I start to write—and then can't think Of a dodgasted thing! (Copyright by Will M. Maupin.)

Mother's Cook Book

Scarlet tufts are growing in the green like flocks of fire; the wanderers of the prairie know them well, and call that flower the "painted cup."

EVERY DAY GOOD THINGS

THERE always will be in most families some "waste" bread. Not a small bit should be wasted for there are countless ways of using it.

Nut Loaf.

Take one cupful of chopped nuts, two cupfuls of bread crumbs, one-half cupful of hot water, the same of melted butter, one egg well beaten, one teaspoonful of mushroom catsup, one-half teaspoonful of onion juice, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Mix the ingredients in the order given, form in a roll and bake in a moderate oven one hour, basting occasionally.

Madeira Cake.

Put the yolks of two eggs into a mixing bowl, then with a wooden spoon beat in one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of butter. Add two cupfuls of sifted flour, with a teaspoonful of baking powder, then one-half cupful of cream and a grating of nutmeg, beating all the time. Last of all, fold in the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Line a round cake tin with greased paper and pour in the batter. Place a large slice of candied citron on top. Bake an hour and a quarter in a moderate oven, lowering the heat after the cake is well risen.

Nellie Maxwell
(© 1922 Western Newspaper Union.)

ONCE IS ENOUGH

MEOW!
WOW!
WOW!



Ships Have Chaperons.

Mistress-at-arms is the official title bestowed on the official chaperons who have been added to the working personnel of all vessels operated by the United States lines. Their especial duty is to look after the comfort and welfare of all girls who are traveling unattended.

SCHOOL DAYS



Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

FAR-OFF TOMORROW

THOSE happy-go-lucky individuals who manifest so little interest in the stirring events of life, which are buzzing like bees all around them, are often insensible to their lamentable delinquencies.

Occasionally, however, their consciousness flutters a moment, but, seemingly changing its benumbed mind, yawns, nods and falls asleep to dream.

But they are going to wake up and do something tomorrow.

They will yank the old world from its easy chair and wake its billion inhabitants with an earthquake.

Hitherto they have been shaping a brilliant course, not quite matured yet, or in a fit state to be presented in its entirety to their intimates, who have wept over them, prayed for them, and done their utmost to arouse them to action.

There is, however, no declaration on the part of these habituated drones of making undue haste.

The months and years stretch ahead in long rows on either side of tomorrow's path. Why fuss, fuss and worry?

Why should they bother themselves while youth is so full of delightful expectancies and time so abundant?

They are not seeking the dull, common roads in life, but the magnificent avenues that take direct to fame and wealth in the glare of sunlight and amid the plaudits of an admiring world, swept suddenly off its feet by the daring work of genius.

So the years drift by, and in their drifting there comes sometimes to these disciples of the god of futurists a petrifying fear that makes them sick at heart.

With an odd mixture of humility and pride stirring in their ill-arranged brain they are prompted to exertion. But they have unconsciously lost the skill which was theirs when life was vibrant with power. They reach out but they touch not. And now, all of a sudden, a terrible realization overwhelms them.

While they were loitering, putting off until tomorrow, their plodding associates were improving their time, gaining respect and an assured competence for the bare days of winter, alighting its appearance in the naked branches of the trees and drifts of snow-flakes.

Tomorrow is man's most terrible trouble-maker, luring by promises which are seldom redeemed and leaving him ragged and alone at the crossroads, where youth and opportunity lie buried in the piled up heaps of dust and ill-spent years.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

These Efficiency Courses.

"That new employee of ours doesn't seem to accomplish much."

"No, he hasn't time. He's too busy being efficient."

—Life.



ON THE JOB
Some men shirk
From sun to sun—
The collector's work
Is always done.

Jewelry is New Fad

Craze for Necklaces, Pendants, Bracelets, Earrings.

Buyers Are Enthusiastic Regarding Bright Future They See in Store for Decorations.

The craze for new types of jewelry, particularly for necklaces, pendants, bracelets, brooches, earrings and head-dresses, is steadily increasing, states a fashion correspondent in the New York Tribune. Combinations of pearls, brilliants and platinum, pearls and onyx, and the use of semi-precious stones, such as lapis, jade and colored crystal in sets that are especially designed to accompany certain costumes, are having a wide vogue. Manufacturers of imitation jewelry are hastening to copy these new designs and launched by the leading jewelers and dressmakers and their smart clientele.

Several American buyers returning from abroad expressed great enthusiasm regarding the bright future which they consider is in store for novelty jewelry, especially pieces in black and white effects, such as in combination of crystal and onyx and jet and pearls. Crystal, jet and pearls are frequently combined, especially in necklaces. The combination of these three is exceedingly pleasing, the whiteness of the crystal offsetting the blackness of the jet.

There are necklaces formed of long, twisted chains of fine pearls finished with a tassel which has as the last bead, an onyx somewhat larger than the last pearl, the whole being held by an onyx slide. Others consist of a tassel of pearls having an onyx top, which is suspended on a long black silk cord. Still others have silver and marquisite tops and small pearls set between links of silver for the chain.

Plaque pendants or cabochons, which are suspended from silk cords or narrow velvet ribbons, are made from crystal or from onyx set in steel frames having a small motif of either enamel or stones. These are distinctly reminiscent of the Second Empire period. Other cabochons are of crystal set in a frame of steel and decorated with a motif of marquisite.

Those who are fond of colorful effects will take kindly to crystal

TAFETTA FOR YOUNG GIRLS



Taffeta is always charming for the young girls, and the basque bodice, as shown here, is particularly attractive if becomingly worn upon a dainty figure. The wheels of fluted taffeta are decorative.

POIRET TWILL FROCKS FOR FALL

New Tailored Street Models Have Received Stamp of Approval for Coming Season.

Devolving the entire line shown for the fall to tailored models in poiret twill, one manufacturer has a wide assortment of street frocks that already have had a successful response in the market. Depending strictly on tailored lines for their effect, these dresses have but little trimming and it is applied with careful attention to detail and artistry. In most every case the models are created to fill the needs of the smart walking dress and the practical frock that can be worn indoors and out with due consideration of the fall weather.

The colors are navy and seal brown, besides black. Almost all the models are developed in the two shades used by this house, with corresponding touches of color in embroidery and bead effects. The models are imported designs and feature Jenny necks, Poiret necks and the V-neck with an insert of the same material. In almost every model there is at least a suggestion of the uneven neckline and the draped effect.

One model that is rather unique was developed in Poiret twill with bands of red and black imported embroidery. The essential feature of the frock is the fact that it can be worn with a hanging panel from the shoulder, or the panel turned up presents a blouse effect on the back, with the band of embroidery forming a standing collar. The shoulder panel lined with cotton satin, when turned

up over the shoulder, gives the dress a satin back that is quite unique. The panel fastens on the front of the blouse in tiny points that affect a coat design. The embroidery on this dress is brilliant with color and is a particularly good example of the dress that can be worn in different ways.

Sweaters in Colors. Shetland and thin wool slippers are popular sweater numbers in plain and figured effects, but always in black and white, gray and white, pastel blues or neutral colorings, sometimes repeated in stockings and hat. Bright colors are conspicuous by their absence.

Headgear. Turbans of malines, a shade of brown being particularly fashionable, are replacing those of satin and straw. Though there is much talk of the large hat on the street, the close turban is more than holding its own.

Porch Frocks. The porch frock has developed into a straight-line frock, made up in bright colored fabrics, or printed designs, not too conservative in color. Usually they have round necks, short sleeves and elastic bands at the waist.

Gingham. Gingham dresses are amazingly cheap this year, compared to the prices they attained the last few seasons. For less than \$10 you may get a very snappy one.

Current Wit and Humor



DOMESTIC NOTE

"Poor Mrs. Jones!" sighed the sympathetic neighbor. "She must lead an awful life. She tells me her husband isn't a single fault; he is a perfect man."

"But that should make her happy!" "Not any. Why, what on earth could she have to keep up a conversation with him?"

Up to the Minute. "So your son Bill is going to law school?" asked a neighbor of Farmer Furlough.

"Yep," answered the farmer. "But he don't pay no attention to his books. I reckon maybe he's goin' to be one of those unwritten lawyers I've read about."

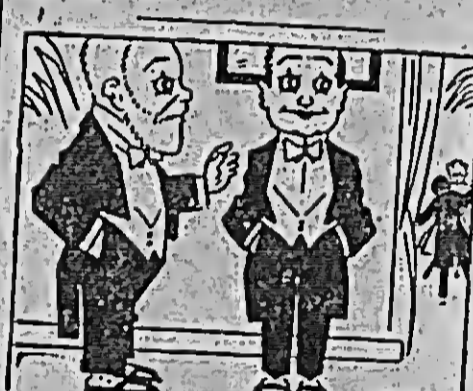
An Appropriate Title. Perkins—I wonder why they named this picture theater the Beehive? Parkly—Have you ever seen any of their pictures?

"Never." "Well, if you ever do you'll know the reason, all right, because after each one you feel as though you'd been stung!"—London Answers.

No Chance Left. "I think he must be a hopeless failure." "Hopeless? Has he tried many things?"

"Everything. Even to the writing of moving picture scenarios." "And failed at that?" "Absolutely."

"It does seem that there is nothing left for him."



INVITATION TO THE DANCE. "Shades of Chesterfield! What an invitation to the dance!" "What did the young man say to the girl, Colonel?" "Come on, kid, let's jazz!"

Misleading Applause. The orator the public notes. And to applause is stirred. And yet some chap will get the voice Who scarcely said a word.

Ma Butts In. "I'm, what do they mean by going from the sublime to the ridiculous?" asked Clarence.

"It means a girl dreams of marrying some wonderful prince and then goes and ties herself up to a boob like your father," snipped ma.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Poor Mary. "Mamma, why do they wax people?" "They don't; where did you get that idea?"

"I heard uncle tell papa that at mid-ought the party waxed Mary."

Service. "Not many old-fashioned housekeepers left," declared the grocer.

"No." "No. Some of our customers expect us to supply dyed eggs for them."

The Ubiquitous Female. She (during argument)—You must not forget that Truth is a woman.

He—Well, so is untruth, for that matter.

She—What do you mean. He—You've heard of Misrepresent, haven't you?

Striving to Please. Fastidious Diner—I want roast chicken. Make sure it's young—and tender. Oh, and see that you bring me a leg.

Waiter—Yes, sir! Right or left leg, sir?

A Silent Yell. "So you're a graduate of a burglar's college?"

"Yep."

"What's your college yell?" "Sh-h-h."

That Much Settled. "If you don't like this one, why don't you change partners?" "This one has become reconciled to the fact that I won't buy any hair restorer."

Incorrigible. Teacher (to literary class)—Now, give me some word like "benzene."

First Pupil—Hedon.

Second Ditto—Bedon.

Third Ditto—Bespatter.

Fourth Ditto—Beggorn!

According to Quality. Flubb—Brown paid \$25 for one of his photographs. "Dubb—Wasn't that rather steep?" Flubb—Not at all. It happened to be a snapshot of himself kissing a bathing beauty at the beach!

The Antioch News

Entered at the postoffice in Antioch, Ill., as second-class matter.

Published each Thursday by The Antioch Press, Antioch, Ill.

Price \$1.50 a year, in advance

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A LIVE TOWN MEANS INCREASED FARM VALUES

The business men of a town should make every effort to promote community interest and cooperation, for as the business of their town increases so does real estate and farm values of that community increase. The following extract from "The Bulletin" shows how vital a good live town is to every community.

There is a world of philosophy in the statement of an old retired farmer who formerly owned a farm near a prosperous town in one of our mid-west states. This old man had been a pioneer in his section of the country; he went into the new country to fight the battles incident to winning a wild country to civilization, and after spending many years of his life bludgeoning away at his work and business, as many others do, without taking any particular interest in the general development of things about him; simply taking things for granted—he began thinking, and after thinking about conditions about him he wrote the following sketch which has caused many another to think and perchance has caused some to act too. He wrote:

"We farmers are awakening to the fact that we have reached the place where we must think and plan—I am one of the farmers that had to be shown, and now I am giving my experience that others may profit.

"Twenty-nine years ago I began my career as a farmer. I had a team and \$50 in money. Our furniture was mostly hand made. Chair, cupboard and lounge made from dry goods boxes, neatly covered with 10-cent cretonne by my wife. I succeeded in getting all needed machinery and groceries of our home merchant on credit until the fall crop was sold. The first year was a wet season and I did not make enough to pay all my bills. But I went to my creditors and explained conditions and paid all I could on account. They carried the balance another year. They continued

to accommodate me until I was able to buy forty acres of land.

"But about the time I bought these first few acres a mail order house began sending me catalogs—and gradually I began sending my loose change away for things I saw in the catalogs. At the same time I was letting my accounts stand in my home town, where I went for accommodation when I needed it.

"Our town was then one of the thirteenth little towns in the state. Business was good; our merchants seemed to be prosperous, and they were glad to help an honest fellow over a bad year. The town was full of people once a week when the people of the community came in to trade. The town had a library, high school, a band, ball team and we had a big celebration every year. The price of land soon went up, it always does near a good town, so I sold my forty acres at a good profit, then I bought an eighty and gradually added to it until I had two hundred acres of the best farm land in the world. Then I began to feel independent. I did not have to ask favors of anyone. I found it so easy to buy goods from the big mail houses in the cities that I almost forgot the merchants at home. I now regret to think that I was the first in the county to make up a club order to send away.

"Gradually our merchants lessened their stock—for the habit of sending away had taken hold of the great majority of our people and the home merchants were feeling the loss of patronage. Finally we began to realize that it was not always convenient to send away for the things we needed—a bolt for machinery, or clothing in time of sickness—or death. Our merchants began selling out and moving away and men of less energy came in to take their places. Our town ran down, our stores became 'tacky' in appearance. Some of them were vacated and no one came to occupy them; our churches, schools and walks became sadly in need of repair. Our band disbanded, our ball team quit; the hotel was forced out of business. Things went to the bad in general because people moved away and there were few left to pay taxes and keep things going.

"A few years ago my farm was worth \$195 per acre; now as I write this it will not sell for more than \$167 per acre. Why? Simply because it is so far from a 'live town'—every prospective buyer has said the same thing. They all want to get near a good live town; they want to be near church and school and stores; they

want to be near things. So I have awakened to the fact that helping pull down the old home town by sending my money away for goods has cost me just \$5,600 since the time I was offered \$195 per acre for my farm."

Such a statement as the above should make the merchant think of the relationship between his business and the business of other people about him. If, as this man says—and he is certainly correct, the good live town is worth so much to the farmer when it comes to selling his farm it must be true that the same things that cause the value of the farm to fluctuate will effect the business of the merchant.

Sometimes merchants are inclined to ask whether it really pays one in the retail business to devote time, thought and even money to general community work, but there certainly can be no question of the advisability of every business man doing all possible to develop his own business. Neither is there any question in these days of competition of the advisability of the merchant having the cooperation of other business men of his town, because through working together they increase their individual strength and add to the prestige of the business community in a general way.

But the business men of the town cannot afford to stop with themselves when considering their business. The statement of the farmer referred to above indicates that the real root of the trouble in his case was simply lack of understanding, lack of education on the subject of community obligation, and the statement of this man would be duplicated again and again in every community if people would express themselves freely as he has.

FLUSHING EWES INCREASES LAMB YIELD, TESTS REVEAL

In six years' work, the United States Department of Agriculture has found that by extra feeding (commonly called "flushing") at breeding time, its Southdown ewes yielded 198 more lambs per 1,000 ewes than Southdown ewes otherwise given the same care and kept under the same conditions.

Good blue grass, mixed timothy and clover, or soy-bean pasture if available, furnish the most satisfactory and economical means of flushing; but if a drought has prevailed good pasture, a supplementary grain ration has been found to give approximately as good results in increasing the number of lambs as the extra good pasture. A ration of oats and bran in the amount of about one-half to three-fourths pound per ewe per day, is a good one to use.

Flushing increases the size of the lamb crop in two ways—it puts the ewes in better condition to make sure of their getting in lamb and it increases the proportion of twin lambs. Sheep breeders are constantly striving to increase the proportion of lambs born to the number of ewes in their flocks, but they have in most cases paid little attention to the condition of the ewes at breeding time. A little extra care and attention just as the breeding season opens will bring results next spring.

HE STOOD HIGH WITH HIMSELF

Congressman Richard Nash Elliott, of Indiana, tells a story about John D. Chapman, who, back in the pioneer days was state's attorney for all of the region north of the Wabash. He was not a Henry Clay or Rufus Choate when it came to learning, but his eloquence before a jury was something extraordinary. During an assault and battery trial, the lawyer for the defendant went out of his way to belittle Chapman, arousing him to the boiling point, and causing him to wind up his address to the jury in this style:

"Gentlemen of this ere jury! The day is coming when the heavings and the yearth shall be rolled together like a scroll! Aye, gentlemen, when they shall be lit into a blaze by the breath of God Almighty Jehovah!—aye, gentlemen, when the angel Gabriel shall knock time out of eternity and I shall stand before you a solitary and eternal monument of myself."

Both eggs and poultry are recognized as among our most valuable foods, but the United States Department of Agriculture is setting out to find definite information regarding their vitamin contents. Experiments are being carried on with rats and pigeons to show how they compare in this respect with beef, pork, and other common foods.

Small Beginning.

"What makes William so economical nowadays?" asked Bill. "Why, some one gave him a pair of goggles, so of course he's got to save up for a no-torant."

A Difference.

Collect and congregate are synonymous, yet the church often finds that there is a vast disparity between the collection and the congregate.

WHITE ONES

By ETHEL M. RICE

Mandy replaced her iron on the stove and turned toward the open window. "For the land sakes, Silas! If here don't come all the white hens!"

Her husband looked up from his newspaper, to stare in amazement at the fentery procession coming up the walk.

"My gorry!" he cried. "I must have left the henhouse door open! Where in tunked do you sposes they've been now? Makes the third time that's happened in the last two weeks! My gorry, I wonder whose garden they've been into! Ezra! Ezra!"

"Yes, pa, I'm comin'."

Silas waved toward the feathered tribe. "Shoo them hens back into the henhouse in a hurry, son, and bear in mind that we'll be just as healthy if you don't take pains to spread the news that they've been out walkin'. Do ye hear? And, say, hold on, Ezra. I guess you'd better light that little oil stove and there; it rained in a bit last night and it's made it kind of wet. Don't let it burn more'n twenty minutes, mind ye. And watch the wick, Ezra, watch the wick; see that it don't work up; you must set the ball place afore last time. If ye can't look out for it any better this time, son, 'om my word, I'll lek ye."

One hour later Ezra lay stretched on the grass, oblivious to all save the "Adventures of Scout Bob in Wild Man's Cave." My, but it was interesting. The boy could almost feel cold shivers chase up and down his spine as he read. "Softly Bob crept into the cave, dragging with him the end of oil—"

"Great jumpin' Jimmies! The oil stove!"

Bob and his adventures ceased to exist for Ezra, as he tore off in the direction of the henhouse. One glance was enough to convince him of the error of his ways. The wick was indeed "worked up"; the hot air was thick with soot; the walls hung with it, and not a white hen was to be seen—every gasping one of them appeared in garb of deepest mourning.

Ezra groaned. "Gosh! What'll pa say? And him so proud of them pure white feathers. And what'll I get! Oh, gosh!"

At 5:30, after one and a half hours of ceaseless labor, all signs of the recent smokeout had disappeared—with the exception of the hens, who still wore their dingy plumage. The boy looked them over doubtfully.

"I'll tackle you after supper," he promised.

But the best laid plans of mere man do not always carry, and before supper was half over Silas put in a worried appearance.

"Mandy, we're up against it!" Mandy gulped down her swallow of tea. "Up against it! Up against what?"

"Well, I'll tell ye. I just met Sam Pike up the street here. You know old man Marner that bought the Newbury farm about two months back—the feller that forgot to pay me for the grain I sold him? Well, Sam says he's mind enough to lek the bull town. Clinks somebody's bunch of hens has got into his garden two or three times and raised ruckus with it. He don't know yet who owns 'em, but he's got Officer Ryan on the job, and they're getting to make trouble for somebody. It kind of listens, Mandy, as if that somebody was me. Ryan's always seemed mighty friendly to me, but at the same time duty is duty, and I—my gorry, here they come now!"

Silas drew himself up with all the dignity of his five foot nine.

"Evenin', gentlemen. What can I do for ye?"

Marner came directly to the point. "Own any hens, Mr. Lewis?"

"I do."

"What kind?"

"Party good ones."

"I'll thank you to lend us to those hens of yours," the officer told Lewis. Silas reached for his hat. "Why didn't you explain what you wanted in the first place?"

Silas threw open the door. He gasped, choked and finally managed to get out. "Gentlemen, them—them—them's my hens."

Surprise and defeat showed on the faces of the two men.

"Humph!" grunted Marner. "I understood your hens were white, Mr. Lewis?"

"They was—that is, they used to be—I mean, I used to keep white ones."

"Well," said the officer, "I guess we may as well move on, Mr. Marner. Sorry to trouble you, Lewis. You see, we're particularly interested in white hens just at present—white ones, you understand."

Part way down the walk he turned and retraced his steps.

"By the way, Lewis, you'd better fix the latch on that henhouse door; them hens of yours are apt to get out some time when you're not lookin'."

Silas' eyes twinkled, and the corners of his mouth stretched into a grin as he turned to the scared-looking boy in the background.

"Ezra! Come here! Come here! I guess I won't lek ye this time, Ezra."

Experienced. Cholly—Is Miss Blank in? Mild—No, sir. Cholly—Just ask her again, will you? She may have changed her mind.—Boston Transcript.

Hailstones Kill Stock and Hurt People on Train

Speaking of hailstorms, it is seldom that even the oldest inhabitant can beat this report sent in to the United States Department of Agriculture by one of the field workers at a station in Colorado:

"Most of the hailstorms have occurred since the winter wheat was harvested. In some sections such severe storms were experienced that corn and row crops were cut to the ground, small pigs and poultry were killed outright, and buildings were severely damaged.

"A St. Louis and Denver train on the Burlington line was caught in a very severe storm and was compelled to stop until the storm passed over. During the storm all of the windows and ventilators on the north side of the coaches and many of those on the south side were broken out. The hailstones were said to be simply pieces of rough ice, many of them the size of hens' eggs. The stones were so large and driven with such a strong wind that they went through both sashes and the screens in the Pullman car windows. When the curtains were pulled down as a last resort, they were ripped to shreds. The passengers took refuge under the seats on the north sides of the cars. After the storm the hail was said to be several inches deep over the floors of the cars and when the train was finally able to pull into Akron, a distance of 4 miles, many of the passengers were given medical treatment for gashes made by flying glass and bruises from the hailstones. The train was abandoned at Akron and a new train made up to carry the passengers on east."

No Open Season on Wood Ducks. The close season on wood ducks, which has been in effect since 1913 under the provision of the migratory bird treaty act, will continue during the hunting season this fall, according to the Bureau of Biological Survey of the United States. The wood duck, or summer duck as it is commonly known in many localities, is one of the most beautiful of native game birds, and breeds practically throughout the United States. Formerly it was threatened with extinction, but under the protection afforded by the migratory bird treaty act during the past few years its numbers are now beginning to show an increase. Elder ducks and swans are also protected throughout the year.

THE MAN WHO COUNTS

The man who counts is the man who is decent and who makes himself felt as a force for decency, cleanliness and civic righteousness. First he must be honest. In the next place he must have courage; the timid man counts but little in the rough business of trying to do the world's work. In addition, he must have common sense. If he does not have it, no matter what other qualities he may have, he will find himself at the mercy of those who, without possessing his desire to do right, know only too well how to make the wrong effective.—Theodore Roosevelt.

No one ever won a battle while crying. "I can't fight! I can't fight!" You've got to think you can if you want to put it over.—Dr. Sheldon Leavitt.

Lady Luck Rules Races. A popular superstition among race followers is that if the money used for betting has been carried for three days in a woman's stocking, it will bring a win.

Softer Than Rose Leaves. According to a Greek writer, effeminate dandies in ancient Greece sometimes slept on beds of sponge.

FOR CHILDREN'S BIRTHDAYS—A PURE-BRED PIG OR CALF

In selecting birthday and Christmas gifts for children in rural communities, why not give a pure-bred pig, calf, or other animal? This is the suggestion of the United States Department of Agriculture, which, with the various states, is conducting the "Better Sires—Better Stock" campaign. A recent questionnaire study of the utility value of pure-bred livestock showed, among other results, that home influence is an important factor governing the breeding of superior domestic animals. In fact, it ranks in importance next to sales, fairs, and shows, taken collectively. When parents show their interest in good stock the children are more likely to do so.

One breeder told of receiving some pure-bred livestock as a wedding gift from his father-in-law. That beginning was an important influence, which resulted in an entire herd of well-bred, profitable animals, a practical influence in the couple's prosperity and happiness.

Gifts of good livestock, the department points out, are not only acceptable in themselves but with proper handling multiply and give pleasure, satisfaction, and financial benefits for an indefinite period.

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British Metropolis Ancient City. London is at least as old as the Roman conquest of Britain (43 A.D.), and there was probably an old British town in the same place before the Romans made an important city of it.

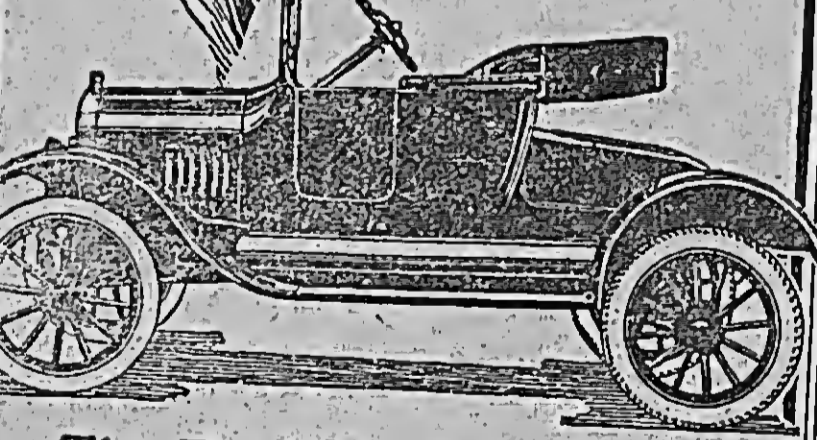


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OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

State Health Authorities Urge Guard Against Increasing Typhoid

Springfield, Ill.—The season when typhoid fever is generally most prevalent is at hand. Following a long, dry summer, the water in wells is low, and all communities depending upon shallow wells for their water supplies should watch their step. Greenville, Lawrenceville and Litchfield, Ill., are threatened with epidemics of the disease at this time.

The Lawrenceville News says: "We are using water from the old dead river. This is the season of the year when typhoid fever is most prevalent and there are several cases in Lawrenceville at this time. The water as it flows into the well is as filthy looking as that which comes from a sanitary sewer outlet."

At Litchfield the public water supply is positively unfit for domestic use. The wells are low, there are five cases of typhoid, and the residents have been advised to boil all water, and to use only pasteurized milk.

At Aurora, it seems to be a case of too much vacation without due regard for sanitary surroundings. The Aurora Star says: "A few typhoid germs have come into Aurora by means of visitors and of persons who, while away on vacations, drank impure water. The city laboratory is making tests of the blood of suspects, though it is said only two pronounced cases have developed."

"In trying to locate the source of a case or cases," said Dr. S. S. Winner in the July Health News, "we must bear in mind that there is always a human offender somewhere along the chain of cases, and I say a chain of cases because there are always cases of the unreported variety preceding and surrounding a known case of typhoid. Contaminated food or water may be the agent through which the typhoid is being distributed, but we must find the polluter before we can

hope to eradicate the source. We must keep firmly in mind that there is either a case of typhoid or a 'carrier' on the job wherever we find a typhoid contaminated medium.

"A fallacious belief in the minds of a good many health officers that every case of typhoid is due to bad well water, creeks, etc., is unfortunately, still existent. We must remember that while the well, creek, milk, cheese, etc., may be polluted, there is a human being continuously or periodically applying the polluted material."

"This is true especially of wells. The typhoid bacillus is not viable for any extended period in water and constant pollution is necessary to render the well a continuous menace."

"In the fight against typhoid fever, we must keep constantly before us the five essentials that make for eradication of preventable diseases:

1. An adequate and efficient health administration.
2. Safe (pasteurized) milk.
3. Safe and adequate water supply.
4. Proper disposal of sewerage.
5. Medical and nursing school inspections.

"Whenever you find typhoid or suspected typhoid, quarantine immediately in accordance with state rules and regulations; vaccinate all contacts (free vaccine is furnished by the state); see that proper disposal of excreta is made; screen against flies and look for the source—the human equation in the vicious circle."

"Whenever you are making plans to go away from home, especially to rural communities, or to localities where the water is not known to be safe, where the milk is not pasteurized, where typhoid is epidemic or threatens to become so, vaccinate against typhoid. This vaccination will protect you for about two years when it must be repeated."

ENEMIES OF CATTLE DIPPING HELP REPAIR DAMAGED VATS

Wanton destruction of cattle-dipping vats in Echols county, Ga., early in the summer, interrupted systematic tick eradication there only temporarily, according to the United States Department of Agriculture. As events turned out, many persons who opposed the dipping of cattle are now engaged in repairing the vats and installing new ones so that their cattle can be dipped regularly and conveniently at points near their homes. Although the destruction of vats by a lawless element was given wide publicity throughout the country, records of the Department of Agriculture show that during the month of August practically all the cattle in Echols county were dipped under federal or state supervision.

Most opposition to the eradication of cattle ticks results from unfamiliarity with the purpose and benefits of the work or from unwillingness to receive information on the subject. More than 15 years of experience in conducting systematic dippings has enabled the Department of Agriculture to meet all situations and opposition encountered up to the present time. The usual educational work is generally effective, but additional persuasion combined with law enforcement is at times necessary.

Observation of Oldest Inhabitant. The old-fashioned way of courting in a hammock has one advantage over the modern motor courtships. When there was a breakdown you didn't have to walk ten miles back home.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Peat a Perfect Fuel. Peat is used in Ireland to such an extent that few people in the country districts ever burn coal. The odor of peat is healthful and pleasant, and it gives out neither fumes nor dirt.

Telling Woman's Age. A man may be as old as he feels, but a woman is as young as she can make people believe she is, remarks the Somerville Journal.

New York's Heavy Taxi Bills. It is estimated that more than a million dollars is New York's weekly taxicab bill.

Farms, Summer Resorts and Country Homes Sold for Cash or Easy Terms. Property Exchanged a Specialty.

GROUND GRAIN NEEDED PART OF RATION FOR LAYING HENS

A mash composed of ground grains or their by-products and some form of animal protein is an essential part of a ration for both growing chickens and laying hens. The reason is that birds putting on growth or producing eggs can not assimilate enough nutrient from whole or cracked grains to supply the maximum need. When the grain is ground, says the United States Department of Agriculture, little work is required of the gizzard, and much more of the feed can be used in making flesh or eggs.

This scratch grain part of the ration, however, is needed to give the gizzard something to do in order to keep the birds in health. For laying hens the scratch grain thrown in the litter provides an incentive to needed exercise.

"It was once thought that the mash should be fed wet to produce the best results, but experiments have proved that in spite of the slightly better palatability of the wet feed, the convenience of feeding it dry overbalances any slight gain in production. Feeding it dry is now the usual method. Digestibility is not increased by wetting."

The principal objection to the wet mash is that it requires too much labor. It must be moistened, then carried to the hens once a day, and the troughs must be cleaned after each feeding. Cleanliness is absolutely essential, because indigestion and diarrhea will result from feeding in dirty troughs. On the other hand, the dry mash hopper may be filled once a week or even less frequently, and needs no further attention. Hens do not overeat of dry mash as they sometimes do of wet feed.

Nuts Polish Furniture. Oil from a nut remedies scratches on polished furniture. A walnut is excellent to use. Rub the scratch with the surface of a broken kernel, and after a while polish with a soft cloth.

Extraordinary Scientific Achievement. With the aid of a very delicate seismometer the shock of the Atlantic ocean heaving upon the west coast of Ireland has been felt and recorded in Birmingham, England.

THE PEACEMAKER

By MISS SUSAN E. BOWLES.

(Copyright, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Myron and Beth had been married about eight months when their matrimonial troubles first came to my notice. Then, suddenly, and for more than three months, I neither saw nor heard from them.

It was during the interim, however, that they formed the habit of coming to me with their complaints.

The young couple were ex-pupils of mine, so I knew something of their characteristics, chief among which was an inordinate yet naive pride—a rare combination among adolescents.

First, it would be Myron, in this wise: "Beth is growing cold toward me and is altogether too free with other men. I remonstrated, but she said I'd best mind my own business. Now, say, must a fellow look on in silence when he knows his wife's conduct deserves a reprimand?"

Or it would be Beth, after this fashion: "Myron is needlessly jealous and cruel. I won't stand for his arrogance and detestation."

In vain I observed that it was too late to quarrel over what could not be undone; that both parties to so sacred a pact owed each other much in the way of tolerance and sacrifice.

But, aside from seeing my best counsel disregarded, I soon realized I'd got into an awful mess for listening to them. They were proud, these two, very proud; but they had yet to learn that pride has its penalties; that one pays a mighty toll for those pungent little thrusts which temporarily assuage anger or fluted injury.

Words, angry words, what would not one give to recall hasty taunts when bitter regrets come to emphasize the folly of it all! One might have judged from their hot verbiage that both were supremely indifferent as to the outcome, the inference being that if they never met again it would be soon enough. But I was not deceived by this haughty show of independence. I knew it to be mere artificial props to sustain their amour propre. So when they ceased accusing each other I happily concluded that the young couple were cool as of yore.

One day I met Myron, or rather I halted him, for he had clearly intended to avoid me. For a moment he blushed and evaded my gaze, and I noticed nervous little twitches about his mouth. I managed to reassure him, however, after which he shamefacedly confessed that everything was all right; that he'd been a fool, and manfully refrained from casting any blame on his wife.

Yes, they were happy again; it had been the merest nonsense to wander from the ideal state, etc.

"But who—how?" I pressed him. Well, he was a nice chap, and would I come to see him?

Yes, I certainly would. Having exhausted my resourcefulness in striving to make peace, only to meet with repeated failures, I was curious to know who had been so successful in the role of peacemaker; both the person and his charm were worth adding to one's collection of friends and accomplishments.

"I think he'll be with us tonight," said Myron. "In fact, I know he will. Better come, you'll like him." And with that he literally ran from me.

After all, I reflected, it was a man's job, that of reconciling disputants—for Myron had said "he" would be there. I must here beg the indulgence of my friends; the obscure teacher must not be judged too harshly if she appears unduly alert when she scents a possible romance.

That night I called on them, and found them both smiling, like children refreshed from sleep. And I was surprised but not displeased to observe that Beth showed not the slightest sign of remorse for her part in the late squabble. I had feared my coming would embarrass her. But no; she was prouder than ever.

I have seen her becomingly so, erect and haughty; but when I explained my mission she became superb, queenly, as she silently led the way to her bedroom and pointed to a cot in which lay the tiny but influential citizen whose mere coming had done more for the cause of peace than all the learned statesmen of Genoa will probably ever see. No wonder Beth was proud!

Disappointed splinter though I am, I am a good loser, and cheerfully say more power to the little unit!

Free Advice.

"Have you ever had any experience in running stationary engines?" "No, sir," said the applicant for a job. "But I've watched other men run them until I believe I could do it myself."

"Umph! You remind me of the crowd that gathers around a motorist in distress. Most of the advice he gets comes from people who've never owned a car."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Sound Waves.

Sounds can generally be heard much farther by night than by day; sometimes ten or even twenty times as far. One reason is that the air at night contains, as a rule, few eddies and other local disturbances, such as break up the sound waves by day. Moreover, on calm, clear nights the vertical distribution of temperature near the earth is often the reverse of that occurring by day, and has the effect of bending the sound waves downward instead of upward.

Prompt Action in Hog Cholera Saves Heavy Loss

Watch for the first hog to show signs of cholera, advises the United States Department of Agriculture. If the herd is treated immediately it is generally possible to save the herd with but few losses. If the disease, however, is allowed to reach all the animals before the serum preventive treatment is applied heavy losses may be expected. Antibog-cholera serum is a preventive and not a cure for hog cholera, the department points out.

Whenever a hog dies of an unknown cause the owner should watch his herd closely for at least a week, and if any more hogs in the herd begin to show signs of sickness a veterinarian should be called immediately, for the chances are that hog cholera has reached the herd and prompt action in applying the serum treatment is the only thing that will save the well animals. A high temperature ranging from 105 degrees to 108 degrees F. in a hog that staggers when it walks, is a pretty good indication of hog cholera. Such hogs should be segregated and not allowed to mingle with other hogs or to wander about, for they will spread the disease wherever they go, sometimes in places where it is impossible to disinfect. Hogs that die on the farm should be buried, or, preferably, burned, in order to prevent birds, insects, and animals that visit the carcass from spreading the disease.

Usually the disease is most prevalent during the fall months and losses are invariably heavy in herds where owners neglect to immunize their hogs before the disease reaches them, or fail to call a veterinarian immediately on its first appearance.

First Printed Newspaper. Belgium claims the honor of having produced the first printed newspaper, "Nieuwe Tydingen," published at Antwerp in 1605 by Abraham Verhoeven, and preceding by 14 years the first English Journal.

NEWS WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

EGGS AND POULTRY PLENTIFUL, FORECAST FOR THIS WINTER

This fall and winter eggs and poultry will be plentiful and prices should be low enough to make them economical. Just now storage houses are full of eggs and farmers have increased their flocks of poultry to an unusual extent. On August 1 there were 4,812,248 cases of eggs in storage, which is about 35 percent more than the average at this season for the last three years.

Eggs start moving out of storage in summer and the greatest sales of such eggs come in fall and early winter. As a rule, the bulk of storage eggs are sold before the first of January, the activity of the market after that date depending on whether the weather is severe or mild enough to stimulate egg production. An open winter practically eliminates the storage eggs early in the season. But this year, regardless of the state of the weather, eggs should be available at very reasonable prices from the start.

Poultry farming, both as a specialty as a side issue on other farms, has been one of the best paying lines of agricultural work during the last two or three years, which accounts for the large supplies on hand this year. Prices to the farmer, however, have now reached a low point on both eggs and poultry, and he is not marketing poultry freely, but is holding his birds for better prices or using them on the table at home. Poultry fattening stations that are usually crowded at this season are now only about two-thirds full.

Wrist Watch Not Modern.

Wrist watches are not a modern idea. As long ago as the year 1571 Queen Elizabeth received a richly jeweled wrist watch as a present from the earl of Leicester.

Telling Secrets.

A man who tells you a secret and asks you not to tell doesn't treat you right; he enjoys telling it, and forbids you having a good time.—Athens Globe.

Bluing Steel.

To blue steel, mix finely powdered Prussian blue with rather thin shellac, then gently heat and apply the varnish.

GREAT AMERICAN FARMER CHEERFUL JUST NOW

Ask a farmer about his crops. "What about your wheat?" "Came through much better than I expected. One of the best wheat crops I ever raised."

"And corn?" "Well, you ought to see it. Tall and sturdy and dark green. Looks as if I were going to have more bushels to the acre than a jackass could drag down hill on ice."

"Pasture and livestock?"

"Never better. I'm making money now on every load I ship to the market, and I'm shipping plenty. Hogs at 10 cents you know, is pretty nearly equivalent to dollar corn. The pastures are green, there is plenty of water for the stock, and the hay crop is fine."

"Did you do well on fruit?" "Great. The berries have been thick. Apples and peaches are in splendid shape—"

That is the sort of conversation that is going on all over this territory when a farmer comes to town and gets to talking. This isn't 1920, of course, when everything went up in a balloon. People who keep comparing conditions with that year never will be happy. "Those days" as the song says, "are gone forever."

But when farm conditions as a whole are compared with the general average—well, the West can throw up its hat.—Kansas City Star.

Irrigation Increases Rainfall.

Irrigation and the impounding of water upon a large scale increases the amount of rainfall in the neighborhood to a marked degree, meteorologists claim.

Dangerous.

"Has the baby had the measles yet, Mr. Smith?" "Sh-sh! Don't speak so loud. Whenever he hears anything mentioned that he hasn't got, he cries for it."

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you use less

AMERICA PROTESTS AGAINST SLAUGHTER

Innocent Smyrna Refugees in Pitiful Condition Without Food or Homes—All Non-Moslems in Danger of Extermination

Immediate action on the part of every one of us is necessary so as to save the victims of this most recent Turkish outrage. The Smyrna disaster is the most serious and terrifying that has occurred since the World war. Every hour counts.

Urgent cables plead for immediate help—"Tremendous relief problem calls for decisive action. Starvation taking heavy death toll. Refugees' plight deplorable. Obligated abandon homes. Forced march one hundred miles in broiling sun. Survivors sick, starving, exhausted. Seven hundred thousand facing starvation."

Near East Relief stands ready to transmit overseas any funds contributed for Smyrna emergency relief. Everything possible to relieve the suffering of these stricken refugees is being done with the supplies available, but there is already an appalling shortage of food. What is wasted here daily will feed them.

Give, that innocent women and children may be saved. Contributions sent to this newspaper will be acknowledged through its columns. Or, send your contributions direct to George M. Reynolds, Treasurer, Near East Relief, 10 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

Frank P. Reynolds

Chairman, Illinois Committee, Near East Relief.

AUCTION SALE

Bills Printed at the Antioch Press produces great results in attracting people to your sale by their outstanding features. If you are contemplating an auction sale, come and ask for prices at the News office. Our prices will save you money, and our quality of Auction Sale Bills are unsurpassed.

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Tom Barringer's Short Cut

By JANE OSBORN

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

When adverse circumstances made it necessary for Grandmother Auden to come back to the old Auden place in Millville with her granddaughter Laura, it was the grandmother whose spirits ran high while Laura was depressed.

"Just when most girls are having a good time I'll have to bury myself off in an old factory village where I don't suppose there are any young people any regular people would want to associate with. And it's just because Uncle Harry once lived there and bought that house that no one wants to buy."

"Cheer up," said Grandmother Auden, a youthful young-old woman of sixty-five. "There are some nice people. The Barringers—"

"Pooh," snorted Laura. "Don't I know about the Barringers? It was old Mr. Tom Barringer that Uncle Harry had the quarrel with. They swore to be mortal enemies or something. I was introduced to that insufferable son of his, Tom Barringer, at a college dance. I told him that an uncle of mine had lived in Millville—that was enough. Mr. Barringer looked at me as if I were a scorpion at least, and never asked me for a single dance. I guess his father passed on his hatred of our family to his son along with his money when he died. The Barringers and their crowd are the only decent people here, and the head of the Barringer family hates us. So that's that."

"Perhaps your Uncle Harry was partly to blame," suggested the grandmother. "For my part I have no grudge against the Barringers—only I do wish they'd keep the smoke from their old factory from sifting in the back windows."

"That's the penalty we have to pay for trying to live in a house that's plumb up against the factory grounds. No wonder we couldn't sell it. And another thing," snorted Laura, "I wish his highness, Tom Barringer, wouldn't cut across our property. Every morning, noon and night he walks across the end of our place and from his old factory. Of course it cuts off three or four blocks, but if he hasn't any use for us he ought to keep off from our place."

"Perhaps he doesn't realize that that field really is part of our grounds," suggested Grandmother Auden.

"Well, he ought to find out," snapped Laura. "If he wants to make a short cut through our place he ought to ask permission."

Grandmother Auden smiled. She smiled so long and so merrily that Laura asked her, rather abruptly, what caused her amusement.

"I was just thinking," was Mrs. Auden's only reply.

Two days later there were workmen on the old Auden place. They were driving stakes along the entire rear and side of the Auden property. Later it became evident that this series of stakes was to support wire fencing six feet high.

While this work was still in progress the unexpected—or at least unexpected to Laura—occurred. Claire Barringer called at the Auden place. Claire Barringer was Tom Barringer's elder sister.

"Those Audens are putting up a fence," her brother had announced. "I wanted to get out an injunction against them, but my lawyer says they've a perfect right to fence in their own property. Now he no angel and go over there and persuade them to leave a space for my short cut. It means precious minutes to me every day. If I can't cut through their place it will mean a good half mile's distance to the factory. I'll have to use the car. That's a nuisance. Just run along and fix matters up."

"But you didn't want to have anything to do with those Audens," suggested Sister Claire.

"Of course I didn't and I don't. Harry Auden offended father and I don't intend to forget it. But I can't let a family feud stand in the way of a necessary convenience. You can make it quite obvious that your call is merely on business."

So Claire had consented. She used tact and then persuasion, and finally begged Grandmother Auden to leave a gap in the fence for the convenience of her brother.

"I am sorry," smiled Mrs. Auden, "but our plan is to have a continuous fence. I have always prized privacy above everything else. Really, I am sorry."

And that was all the satisfaction Claire got out of Grandmother Auden. Two days later the fence was complete, and then Tom Barringer stormed more than ever against the Audens. He lost precious minutes each day, and every minute counted in the career of an ambitious mill proprietor.

"You've got to go again," suggested Tom, but Claire refused.

Then he decided that he would buy the section of property through which his short cut had run. He made an offer through his lawyer, but to his surprise Grandmother Auden refused.

"Those Barringers are impossible," said Grandmother Auden to Laura one day. "I am really glad that we have not been forced to meet them socially."

"I don't see how you can call them impossible," was Laura's retort. Laura

was always fond of taking the defensive when her grandmother was on the offensive. "They come of an excellent family."

"But that Tom Barringer looks impossible," went on Grandmother. "I do hope if you ever meet him again you won't encourage him."

"It isn't likely I'll have a chance," remarked Laura.

But the next day Laura had an opportunity and in a way most unexpected, at least to Laura.

She was out prospecting for possible flower beds in the newly-fenced portion of their property—at her grandmother's suggestion, of course—when she heard the fall of feet behind her. She glanced up and there was Tom Barringer, who had just managed to swing himself over the six-foot fence.

Laura looked up in surprise. She was very anxious to see what in Tom Barringer's appearance struck her grandmother as "impossible."

"I owe you an apology," said Tom as soon as he had straightened himself out after his leap from the top of the fence post. "But I was anxious to get home without going through the streets, past all those houses. I didn't expect to be caught—"

Laura giggled. "I guess it doesn't matter as long as it was I who caught you. I really don't see that you have done anything so very dreadful."

"But Mrs. Auden, your grandmother, would," suggested Tom Barringer.

"But she's in the house. Besides, I'd plead your cause. I could say I asked you to come over the fence—"

Laura had looked in vain to find anything impossible in Tom Barringer's appearance. She added: "You know I think if you called to see my grandmother and she had a chance really to know you she would be glad to have you use your old short cut. We could have a gate with a lock and you could have one key and we the other—"

"I would like to call," said Tom, wondering how his father had ever found the Audens insufferable, "but I want to call on you as well as on your grandmother. I've been wanting to. You know we met once at a college dance. It's rather dull here. Perhaps if I call and show your grandmother I'm not quite the bore she seems to think me I might get her permission to take you out to the country club."

So Tom Barringer called and Laura giggled and gave him knowing little glances when he was talking to her grandmother. She was doing her best to get her grandmother to approve. But grandmother's manner was polite, but not cordial. She was careful not to give too much encouragement.

Six months later when there was a marriage in Millville that united the houses of Auden and Barringer the general opinion was that there had been strong opposition on the part of Grandmother Auden, and that wise young-old woman never suggested that the little romance was all of her maneuvering.

FISH THAT THROW OUT LIGHT

Species of Shark Are Said to Illuminate Their Bodies.

Some forms of black sharks living in the deepest portions of the seas are studded with thousands of tiny cells from which light is given out constantly. So numerous are these light-giving cells that the entire under surface of the fish seems to be brightly illuminated. Generation of the light occurs in interior cells. The light rays are prevented from penetrating the body tissues by black pigment cells behind reflectors. These sharks are found in depths of from 500 to 1,500 fathoms.

Ten small light sources scattered over its tiny body turn the deep-sea shrimp into a swimming lighting plant. The intensity of the light from these tiny animals is due to a very complete lens system that covers each light cell and through which the light rays are sent after being reflected by inner reflectors. These mirrors protect the body tissues from light. The light from these shrimp does not flash, but burns for several seconds with a steady glow.

Real Self-Sacrifice.

Eleanor and Dora are sisters. They went to school side by side, sat next each other in Sunday school and now live in the same office. As they have the same friends and know the same data, you just send for one or the other when you want to know anything. It doesn't matter what. If the boss sends for Dora and she is busy, Eleanor says: "I'll go." If some one calls up Eleanor when she is out of the room, Dora makes the engagement for her, knowing full well whether Eleanor would turn down Jack or smile upon Harold.

But the other day sisterly co-operation went the limit. Dora was called up on the telephone and asked to go to a Saturday matinee. And the surprised office saw her turn from the telephone to her sister and ask in the most matter-of-fact sort of way: "Eleanor, will you take my dentist appointment for me this afternoon? I'm asked to the theater."

"Certainly," replied Eleanor in the most obliging tone, and went on with her work.—New York Sun.

Indispensable.

A township trustee sent a physician to render service to an indigent family. The physician noticed an emaciated horse in a ramshackle shed and inquired: "What use have you for a horse?"

"Oh, we use him to go out in the country and haul hay for himself," was the reply.—Boston Transcript.

Released Ghandi Followers Treated as Martyrs



Following their release from prison in India, where they served various sentences for seditious acts, a group of Ghandi followers were feted and paraded about the city of Delhi. Garlands of flowers were placed about their necks, and other niceties were provided for the men who are looked upon as martyrs for the Indian cause of freedom.

Hairpins Mark Perilous Trail

Each Time Girl's Mountain Mule Bumped, and It Bumped Often, She Lost One.

FIRST WOMAN TO CROSS ANDES

Love of Adventure Leads Girl to Face Disease, Landslides, Kidnaping and Other Exciting Experiences—Indians After Her.

New York.—A line of bone hairpins, the kind that sells for 10 cents a half dozen, marks the first trail across the Andes mountains ever attempted by a white woman.

Miss Katherine MacGregor of Waukegan, Wis., lost them from her bobbed hair every time her mule slipped on the narrow but not so straight paths along the sides of steep precipices.

Miss MacGregor does not look like an intrepid explorer. She is below middle height, of pleasing slenderness, with blonde hair that curls at the rear. Her age, at a rough estimate, is somewhere between twenty-five and forty.

There was no reason in the world, as she sees it, why she should take to exploring the mountain and jungles of South America. Her father, Malcolm MacGregor, is of Scotch-Quaker descent. She, until seven months ago, was assistant to the general manager in a New York utilities office. The only traveling she had done previously had been limited to Pullmans and coaches.

"I guess it was because I wished to write stories of adventures mostly," is the best explanation she can give of the impulse that dared her to face disease, kidnaping, landslides, tigers and snakes. Even the American consul in Peru refused to have anything more to do with her when she told him of the trail she intended to follow. As for her father, he kissed her good-bye once and for all when she had fully determined to start on her trip.

Tried to Kidnap Her.

"It was only after I reached Iquitos, a fairly large South American town, that I heard from two Englishmen in another exploring party what I had missed," Miss MacGregor recounted. "The two men had been held by Camacho, an Indian chieftain, who had been told by their intertribal runners that a white woman was passing in a party. The chieftains have a great fondness for white women, and almost invariably succeed in kidnapping them. It was only after much torture that the Englishmen finally convinced the chief that I was not in their party. I passed two or three days sooner than I was expected—the only reason why they didn't get me."

Once or twice, or perhaps, a few

times more, the American girl was frightened. On one occasion, had it not been for some fallen trees, she might have dropped to a dusty death along the mountain side.

"It was just after a landslide, and the path—it couldn't have been even a foot wide—was slippery," she said. "The four pack mules marched on ahead, but my mule lost its footing in the debris and plunged right down the side. An uprooted tree saved us. I climbed up again while the mule was hoisted up with a rope. I guess I must have been pretty scared that time."

Hotel accommodations were poor, as Miss MacGregor recalls them. Tandoos, merely single rooms without baths, and the only running water that which leaked through the thatched roofs, offered the only shelter along the way. The more pretentious variety were sometimes stretched with cowhide, but more often a tando consisted of four poles, with dried grass for a cover.

Cooking was done over canned heat. It was imperative to hold the

water, unless one wished to ward off malaria and other fevers with quinine. Miss MacGregor insists that in all her trip she took only two grains of quinine, and that because she did not wish to offend an acquaintance.

She was accompanied by an English guide hired in Peru upon the advice of friends, and by two muleteers. An Indian guide would have been out of the question, for the trip would have been brought to an untimely end, so far as she was concerned, Miss MacGregor believed.

Gentlemen Are Sentimental.

As for the technical details of her trip, she traveled to Key West from Chicago in an unsensational manner, flew from Key West to Havana, then by a United Fruit steamer to Cristobal and from there to Peru, where she began her trans-Andean climb on June 20. For seven days she rode muleback, two days she progressed in a dugout canoe on the Ucayali river, and until August 1 she walked, rode and paddled her way to Para, on the East coast. Her party cut its own trails through heavy, tangled growths for the most part.

There were conquests not only of wild animals, but of South American gentlemen, but Miss MacGregor paid no attention to the proposals she received, for, she said, the fair American who could pass through the country without having a marriage thrust upon her was more to be commended than she who landed a male.

INDIAN GIRL BECOMES VERY RICH

Oil Sends Her From Poverty to Wealth in Two Months.

But \$2,000-a-Day Income Has Not Turned Her Head—Ambition Is to Be Farmerette and Drive a Tractor.

Muskogee, Okla.—"Here's one little Indian girl who is not going to be singled by the bright lights nor the Great White Way," said Exile Fife, nineteen-year-old Creek, when told that her allotment in Creek county had produced its fourth gusher and lifted her income from royalties to over \$2,000 a day.

Exile's production now averages about 4,000 barrels of crude daily. How much Exile has become worth since the first producer was brought in on her land two months ago she herself does not know. Only the officials of the Indian agency, where her money is handled, know, and they are not telling it for publication.

Exile received the news of her fourth gusher just as the carpenters were driving in the last nails of her modest new live-room bungalow that Uncle Sam decided to build for her down at Fume, in McIntosh county, when oil royalties began to pour in to Exile's credit. The house harmonizes with Exile's simplicity.

"In the fall I am going to study music and will possibly go to a finishing school," said Exile. "I am also going to send my brother to some big col-

lege. I want him to be somebody. I am going to continue to make Fume my home, no matter how many millions of dollars I make out of oil. I have lived here since childhood and riches will never tempt me to move. I am always going to stay a country girl."

"No, I don't care to travel; at least not now. Some time later on I probably will take a trip, but I assure you that it's not going to be a money-spending orgy."

"What do I want to be? I want to be a farmerette, as you city folks say. I want about five hundred or a thousand acres, stocked with sleek, pure-bred cattle, and waving fields of corn and grain. Then I want a flock of purring tractors, with this little girl behind the biggest one of them all. That's the life for me."

Seven more wells are drilling and oil men say the allotment should be good for about forty wells. Indian agency officials, even in these days of low-priced crude, forecast an income of \$5,000 a day for Exile within the very near future.

And Exile is about as remarkable as her luck. Although she was a pauper two months ago, her good fortune has made little change in her. She is utterly devoid of extravagance. True, she wears better clothes and has a big red-wheeled automobile to carry her from Fume to Muskogee to get her monthly check from the agency, but that's about all.

Judge of the tree by its fruit.

GOLDEN CROSS SHINES ONCE MORE

Throngs Worship in Belief That Miracle Has Been Wrought.

Soviet Leaders Force Priests of Rostov Cathedral to Say That Gilding on Church Was Due to Wire-Less Action.

London.—An interesting tale comes to me from the city of Rostov on the Don, in Soviet Russia, writes a correspondent to the Daily Telegraph.

It will need some explaining on the part of our men of science, and I would not have mentioned it if the official Soviet press had not done so. One morning citizens going at sunrise to attend early divine service in the great cathedral were surprised to see the cross on the cathedral dome sparkling as if it had been newly gilt.

The golden crosses and cupolas of the Russian churches are a well known landmark, but neglected under the

Bolshevik regime, they have all become dull and tarnished. The great cross on the cathedral blazed, while the crosses on the small cupolas surrounding it remained dark. The people cried that a miracle had occurred.

From all parts of the town crowds precipitated themselves toward the market place. Very soon the cathedral was full to overflowing, and thousands of wax candles before the icons lit up its dark interior. People continued to arrive, filling up the market place. The great house occupied by the Cheka was just opposite. The Red sentries became apprehensive of an attack and called out the guard. The Red soldiers came forward to disperse the faithful, but they were overwhelmed and forced to take off their caps and make the sign of the cross. Cavalry arrived and re-established order with their heavy whips.

The clergy of the cathedral were arrested, brought into the Cheka building and, under menace of death, ordered to stop the "miracle" immediately. "This the poor fellows naturally could not do. At last one of them had a brilliant idea, of which the leaders of the Cheka approved. The town was placarded with large notices explaining to the population that the gilding of the cross had been renovated by the action of the new high-powered wireless station just installed. The fact of the removal of the cross is confirmed from several sources, but one doubt is the explanation of its wireless source is the correct one.

Heart on Right Side.

Phoenix, Ariz.—An Indian inmate of a local hospital, believed to be a victim of tuberculosis, was found by doctors to have his heart on the right side of his body. The man's liver is reversed and he has a double rib on one side. He is thirty-four years old.

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Violet-scented seaweed grows in the lakes of the Mangyshlak peninsula in the Caspian sea, and the pleasant odor therefrom scents the air for miles from its source.

A Little Bit Humorous



PATRIOTISM.

"This idea comes from abroad."
"Yes?"
"War profiteers ought to feel grateful to the ex-kaiser for starting the recent row."
"Our profiteers are too patriotic for that, but some of them might smile slyly when war contracts are mentioned, and admit that Uncle Sam is a good old scout."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Confidence.

"You know this movie didn't cost \$1,000,000."
"I'm not prepared to argue that question," replied the eminent producer.
"But—"

"Say no more. My publicity director says it cost that much, and I'm the last person in the world to doubt his veracity."



HE WAS WISE

He: Darling, I wouldn't swap you for any tan other wives.
She: Oh, George.
He: No, sir! Living's too high these times.

Present Realities.

The heroes of a classic age.
Oh, why should we their deeds recall?
We read upon the sporting page
Of live ones who can hit the ball.

The Big Expense.

What a very stunning cost of arms.
I'm sure you ought to be very proud of it.

"We are. But George says it will cost a lot to put it on the door of the limousine."

"Why? Because it's so intricate?"
"No. Because we have to get the limousine first."

Discouraging a Helpful Spirit.

"I don't understand that new woman next door," remarked Mrs. Gadder.
"What's the trouble?"
"She calls herself a seeker after the truth. I've told her everything I know about the people around here, but she doesn't seem to be the least bit interested."

Personal Charm Absent.

Fair Aspirant (with manuscript).—Do please let me read my story to you.
Publisher.—Don't trouble, my dear young lady, my reader will see it.
Fair Aspirant.—Yes, but he won't see me.

Under Suspicion.

"How long had he lived a life of crime?"
"Only one year, he told the court. For six years previous to that time he was a taxicab driver."

Unplanned. That means seven years of crime in all.

Home Humor.

Wife.—Our next-door neighbors are quarreling over a vacuum cleaner.
Hub.—Well, look out and don't get drawn into it.



HIS ATTENTIONS NOT WELCOME

"My love for you drives me mad."
"I think I'm the one to get mad about it."

Cheer.

Let's give a cheer
For Old Man Banks.
He never moves
A vote of thanks.

Sufficient Excuse.

"I've just heard the news," interestingly said an acquaintance. "Why do you suppose John Schott killed his hired man?"
"D'know," replied the gaudy Missourian, "unless it was 'cuz he acted like a hired man."

Apprehensive.

"This is a fashionable grillroom."
"Yes, Tessie; all the other ladies are smoking."
"So I see. Do you think they will put us out for not smoking?"

Honor War Dead of All Nations

Sculptor Outlines Most Pretentious Tribute of Modern Times to Soldiers of World War.

MUSEUM AND TEMPLE IN ONE

In Conception It Can Be Compared Only to the Wonderful Basilica of Imperial Rome—Is Leading Sculptor.

Rome.—An exhibition of Antonio Sciorlino's "Monument of the Nations" will be opened in Rome in the fall, and the model, as well as thousands of sketches and plans, is to be on view in his studio at the British academy. This monument is one of the most pretentious ever planned in modern times. In conception it can be compared only to the wonderful basilica of Imperial Rome.

It was in 1917 that Professor Sciorlino, pondering over the war in which millions of soldiers were killed, planned a monument which would be a fitting one for the heroic dead, as well as a museum and temple combined. His original idea was that it should be an international monument, one which could be erected on some historic spot, on a battlefield. He suggested to many friends that, while the bones scattered over many battlefields could be interred in the walls of the crypt, one central tomb should be a memorial for all, whether privates or officers. On the sketches which he made in 1917 he wrote: "Plans for a monument to an unknown soldier and sailor." It was his idea that millions should consider that tomb the resting place of their own lost ones.

For Noted Dead.

The monument is a building which will consist of three galleries, a library and a museum. In the first gallery there will be 300 instrumental percussions, which will be heard for miles around; in the second, 300 bells, which will peal on commemorative days, while in the central hall there will be an organ, to be played on solemn occasions. In whatever country it is erected it would be not only a monument to the memory of the fallen soldiers, but also a kind of Westminster Abbey, where men of note would be buried.

Antonio Sciorlino, who occupies the post of director of arts at the British academy in Rome, is a man of great talent and is considered by many art critics to be the leading British

sculptor of today. He studies not only in Rome, but also in Paris.

Though still a young man (he is thirty-nine years old) he has accomplished much. He works quickly, modelling with a rapidity which is contrary to the custom of many modern sculptors. His quickest bit of work was a mask made when he was in Paris ten or twelve years ago while visiting a friend's studio. It happened to be his last day in Paris and he had called in to say good-by to a fellow sculptor. He had only twenty minutes to spare. Seated in a corner, in an easy chair, was Leo Textonius, the American pianist, who had often asked Sciorlino to make a model of his head. Sciorlino took up a piece of clay and in little more than fifteen minutes had modeled a mask of the pianist.

This mask was hanging in the American artist's studio when Itodin paid a visit there. Itodin was enthusiastic at the originality of the work.

The winning of the competition in 1914, offered by the Duma committee of Kiev, was not only a personal, but an international success, as 300 sculptors of all nations competed for five years. Three times Sciorlino completed and won money prizes. When in 1914 he won again it was decided to give him the order for the statue. The

Paid \$20 to Hear Dog Bark Over the Telephone

An American business man left his table in Muldoon's restaurant, in Havana, Cuba, and walked to the telephone.

"Give me Murray Hill, New York City, and tell the party who answers that I wish to speak to my bulldog," he said. After a brief interval guests at a nearby table heard a faint "woof, woof," coming from the receiver. The charge was \$20. "Doggone," growled the man, "that's \$10 a woof."

decision of the committee caused great indignation throughout Russia.

The committee then decided to hold a referendum. All the prominent men and women of Russia were asked to view the model and decide whether the Russian models were equal to that of the British sculptor. They unanimously held that the statue chosen was best of all the other 299. This referendum was taken carefully. The written opinions were placed in sealed envelopes, in a sealed box and only opened after all had finished voting.

The occupation of the city in Moscow by the Bolsheviks prevented the statue over being erected and the final award was never given to the sculptor. Now an effort is being made by the committee to collect subscription for the purpose of erecting the statue.

Columbus' Bones Need Real Tomb

Plan for Great Monument Over Discoverer's Neglected Remains Is Revived.

IS PAN-AMERICAN PROJECT

Coffin at Santo Domingo Is Now Opened So Visitors May Handle Relics—Plan Beacon Light for Navigators.

Washington.—Reorganization of a movement among Pan-American nations to provide a suitable memorial and final resting place for Christopher Columbus, the man who gave "the New World to the Old," has been reported to the War department by William E. Pihlman, receiver-general of Dominican

customs. Mr. Pihlman's report says the project was relaunched recently and is commended to the sympathetic consideration of Pan-Americans everywhere.

Open Coffin for Visitors.

The remains of Columbus were brought to Santo Domingo from Spain in 1540, the report says, adding that it has been the practice lately to open the casket and permit high dignitaries or distinguished visitors to the island republic to handle personally some of the bone fragments.

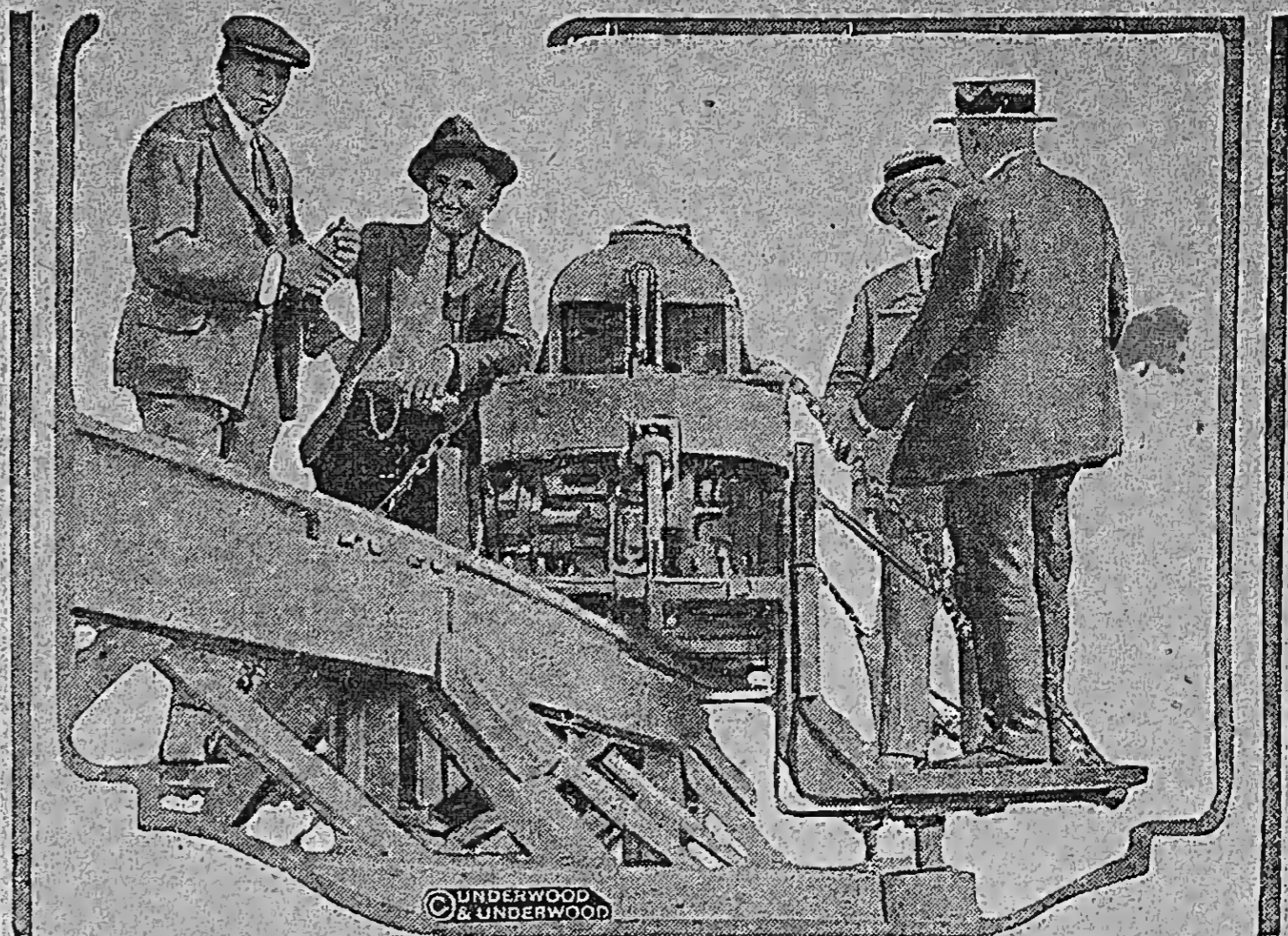
"This happened upon the occasion of a visit by Secretary of War Stimson and party in 1911, also the year following, when Secretary Knox and numerous parties made their ceremonial trip around the Caribbean Circle," the report says. The writer was present upon both occasions and admits, but not without some self-reproach, that he, too, handled some of the bone fragments.

"It was that fact," the report continues, "which first suggested the idea that it should be the concern of Pan-Americans, the peoples of the twenty-one republics occupying the territory of North and South America, with the co-operation of Canada, to provide a suitable memorial and final resting place for Columbus in the 'Cradle of America,' as Santo Domingo is called. Popular Move.

"A popular move it should be, and with its palpably popular appeal its failure would constitute a reflection upon Pan-America. Poor, unfortunate Santo Domingo cannot do it alone, though thirty years ago, at the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, a Junta Nacional was duly constituted by Dominican government decree to erect a monument in the cathedral. That much was accomplished, but at the time it was understood the arrangement was temporary. While the monument at the cathedral is ornate, it is now commensurate with the greatness of the man, nor does it constitute a fitting or adequate homage for such a world character."

The report concludes with a statement that the project abandoned on account of the World war contemplates the erection of a massive tomb, its interior modeled after that at Les Invalides, Paris, with its exterior patterned after the lines of Grant's tomb, in New York. Superimposed on the tomb itself would be a beacon tower, about 300 feet in height, in the top of which would be a great light as an aid to navigation.

American Built Monorail Is a Success



A monorail system that is proving fully as practical as the celebrated foreign ones has been devised by the American Magnesium company to run between its mine in southern California and the nearest railroad, 32 miles away. Using a single track, mounted high on a wooden framework, and with balancing rollers on either side, the monorail track can be laid at trifling expense over any sort of country. In tests, the little engine carried as many as twenty people without a balk.

SAYS CHRIST SAVED HIM



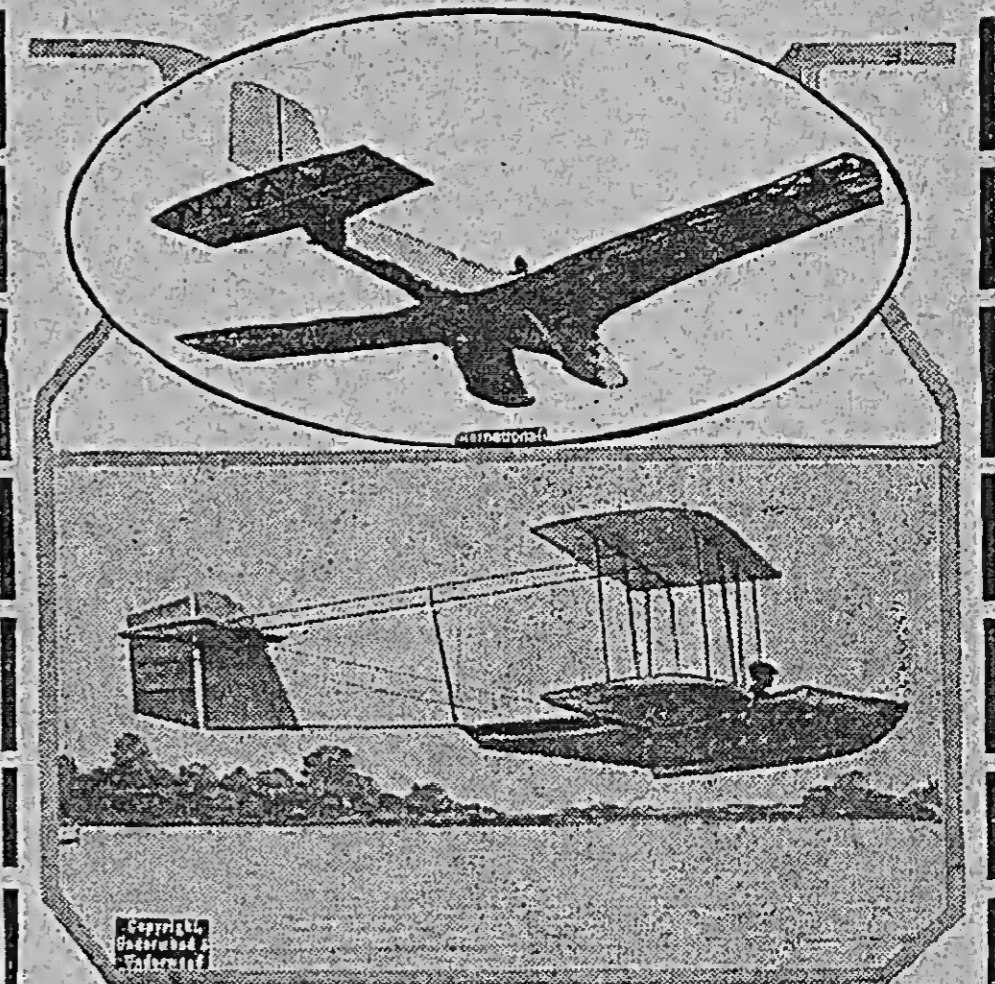
Dr. Samuel G. Benson, who is now at the Y. M. C. A. in Brussels for the purpose of holding a votive healing mission, and is organizing a world movement for the healing of sickness by prayer. He is the author of a war book entitled "Back From Hell," the result of his experiences as a relief worker in Belgium. Having resigned his parish in the United States, Doctor Benson went to Belgium as a relief worker in 1915. He was seized by the Germans because of his assistance to Belgian refugees. On Easter Wednesday, 1915, at 11:15 a. m., he was to be shot in the Place Royale as a spy; but as the German officer was starting to blindfold his eyes, Christ—Doctor Benson says—suddenly stood between them, miraculously saving his life. He was expelled from the country by the Germans before sundown.

CENTURY NOTHING TO HER



Mrs. Hannah Eldred of Baldwin, L. I., was ironing a shirt at 7 o'clock the other night and singing—she always sings when she works—when a hundred or so descendants and other relatives came in and reminded her that it was her hundredth birthday. Mrs. Eldred reads without glasses and is astonishingly vigorous for her 115 pounds. The photographer said, in an aside to one of the daughters: "Can she walk unaided?" Mrs. Eldred overheard and answered him by dancing a jig. Then, just to prove her pep, she went out into the yard, chopped wood, hung up a washing on the line, pushed a wheelbarrow around, and then climbed a ladder.

Gliding Over Land and Water



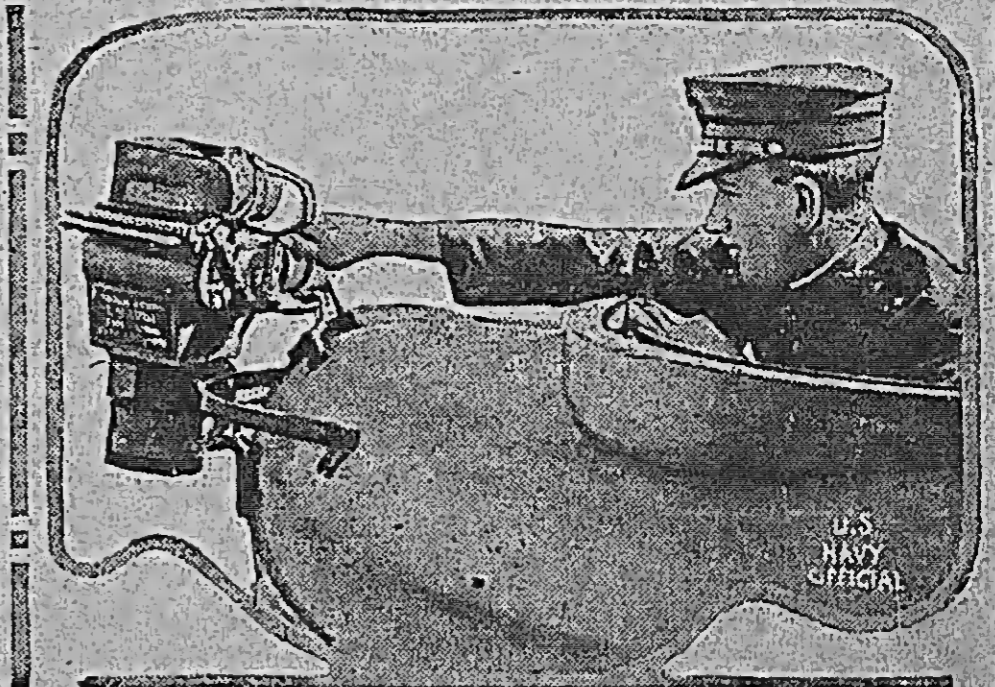
Amazing flights have been made by engineless gliders recently in France, Germany and America. Above is seen one of the German gliders. Below, Glenn Curtiss making the first successful flight in a seaplane glider over Hempstead Bay, New York.

They Moved Their Village to Town



Jennings, Mich., was a thriving village near Cadillac depending wholly on the lumber industry. When all the timber had been cut and sawed up, the citizens had special motors constructed which within a few days moved the entire village to Cadillac. One of the houses is here seen en route.

Mapping Camera on U. S. Seaplane



The U. S. navy is giving much attention to the matter of aerial photography, and most of the seaplanes are equipped with photographic paraphernalia. In this photograph is shown a mapping camera mounted on a seaplane.

Wearing Quality of Leather Measured



Actual wear tests on army and civilian leather are compared with machine tests in the bureau of chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, where machines are being developed to measure the wearing quality of sole leather. R. W. Frey, in charge of leather work, is shown at one of the machines.

BISO WILL HAVE TO BE DEPORTED

Big Buffalo Will Be Sent to Montevideo, Uruguay.

Favorite of Visitors to Wichita National Forest Doomed to Exile Because Southern Neighbor Wants Specimen.

Washington.—Biso is unhappy! He is to be deported, thrust from the land of his birth, torn from his wives and children and doomed to live in exile for the rest of his days.

Secretary of Agriculture Wallace has decreed that he must go; the forest service has arranged his transport and Biso is inconsolable.

Biso is the big buffalo bull that for 15 years has been the admiration of visitors to the Wichita national forest and game refuge in Oklahoma. The city of Montevideo, Uruguay, has asked that its zoological garden be supplied with an American bison and the forest service men who have

charge of the buffalo on the Wichita say that Biso will be an excellent representative of this typical North American species whose once mighty herds roamed the great plains from Mexico to northern Canada.

In 1907 15 bison were "planted" in the Wichita national forest and have since increased to over 150 head. This herd promises to maintain the type and stamina of the original bison, since the animals are kept at all times under natural conditions. They subsist entirely on wild grasses and live within so large an inclosure that they are under practically no restraint.

So Biso has been well content and is reluctant to leave. Yet many of the younger buffalo bulls are casting envious glances at the old fellow. It would be very pleasant, they think, to doze idly beneath a palm tree and be served with fresh cut grasses or have their wrinkled noses patted by some dark-haired señorita. But Biso has his doubts.

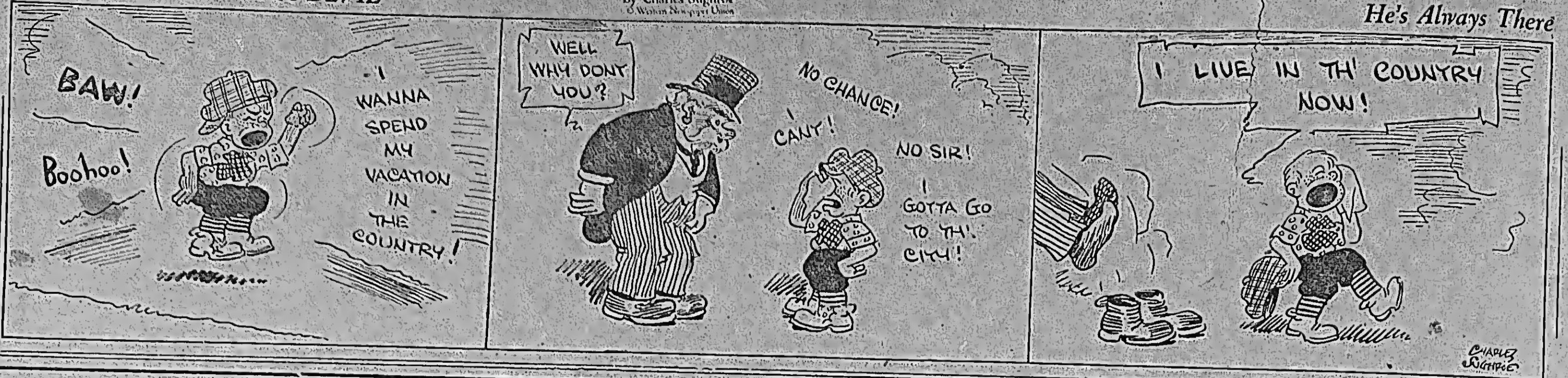
Spain Ousts Whole Mail Force Following Strike

The entire postal force of the Spanish postal service was dismissed by a governmental decree as a result of the recent strike which tied up the service for several days throughout Spain. The decree lays down rules for the reorganization of the postal staffs.

The strike, which paralyzed business throughout Spain, was actively waged by the letter sorters, who remained away from work, and indirectly by the other branches of the service, which conducted a "white strike," in which all reported for work, but listlessly attended to their duties.

Scotland's Many Islands. The islands of Scotland number about 800 altogether.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughrue
© Western Newspaper Union

SMILES From Here and There SMILES

A QUIET WEEK-END

It was the stranger's first and positively last visit to the not-so-thriving community of Waxhaw.

"Much doing around this town?" he asked on his arrival.

"I reckon not so much," admitted a veracious native. "Last Thursday a man fell dead in the postoffice and we didn't discover the body till the next Tuesday."

A WORD TO THE WISE

The clever, deep-thinking buck was immersed in a work on ventriloquism. Several times his voice, in practice starts, had omitted the word, "Yo!" but there were no sensational results. The curiosity of his auditors was captured, however, and finally one demanded:

"Say, Perk, what's the big idea?"

"The big idea," retorted the deep thinker, "is for me to dope out some way so that I can stay in bed after reveille and yell 'Yo!' from my bunk and make the topper think it comes from No. 3 in the third squad, front rank."

THE CRIME WAVE

It was midnight. The policeman observed a suspicious looking person prowling about a house in the fashionable residential district of the town.

"Hey, you!" he accosted him. "Watcher hangin' around here for?"

The man turned weary eyes at his questioner.

"I'm only waiting for the lady inside to go to sleep, officer," he said. "You see, she's my wife."

THEREFORE, A THIRD?

A farm hand rented a field from his boss with the stipulation that the rent was to be one-fourth of the crop raised. At harvest time the farmer was amazed to find the he received nothing at all in exchange for the field. The farm hand hauled three loads of produce to his own barn, so the farmer remonstrated. "How's this? Wasn't I to get a fourth of the crop?" he demanded in righteous indignation. "Yes, you was," candidly rejoined the tenant, "but as it turned out there was only three-fourths."

DO, JUST AS WELL

"Are you going to the seashore this summer?"

"No," answered the tired-looking man. "There's no use of my going myself. I can send the money every week by registered letter."

HER FEAR

The rich girl has her troubles. She's afraid everyone will want to marry her for her money. But she can't get rid of it for fear nobody will want to marry her without it.

A BOY'S CONCLUSION

"You didn't get that situation as office boy," said Johnny's mother. "What was the trouble?"

"Don't know, ma. The man asked me if I was a good whistler, and I told him I was the best whistler on our street, and he said I wouldn't do. Guess he must want a reg'lar professional."—New Haven Register.

A SLEDGE HAMMER HINT

Claude: "May I call you by your first name?"

Norah: "How about your last name?"

A HAM JOKE

Eliza Jane: "That pig's doing an awful lot of squealing in the barnyard. What's your dad doing to him?"

Samantha: "Dad's just trying to make both ends meet."

Lady of House: "If you love work as you say, why don't you find some?"

Sad Hobo: "Alas, madame, love is blind."

THE LESSER EVIL

Young Pilsen, who had got on very well in London, was entertaining his mother and father from the old village home.

On Sunday morning he took them to church. He was not at all ashamed of their homely looks but drew the line at his father's lusty singlet.

As they walked home, the young man spoke his mind.

"Look here, dad," he said, "if we go again tonight, don't sing quite so loud. You had everybody in church staring at you this morning."

"I'm sorry, Arold, but it couldn't be helped," answered the old man, seriously. "You see, if I didn't 'ghered my voice, so to speak, they'd 'a 'card your mother."

CONSCIENTIOUS

The mistress came in to find the kitchen floor a gummy lake and the new cook calmly installed in a chair and reading a paper-backed novel.

"Oh, Jane," she sobbed, "and I told you to notice when the jam boiled over."

"So I did, mum," reported the cook cheerfully. "It were at quarter past eleven—just forty minutes ago."

AN EXPEDIENT

When a candidate for the Syracuse, N. Y., fire department, was rejected by the examination board at a physical test as being a quarter of an inch too short, the man behind him clapped on his hat and started for the door.

"Hold on!" called the examining officer, "you haven't been looked over yet."

"I'll be back," was the calm reply. "I'm the same height as that other bird and I'm just going out to stretch my legs a bit."

A SMOKER'S ADVICE

A woman of the most unmistakably conservative type had accidentally got into the railway coach reserved for smokers. With ill concealed indignation she saw the man next to her fill his pipe. "Sir," she said frigidly, "smoking always makes me ill."

"Does it, ma'am," was the polite rejoinder. "Take my advice and give it up."

YES, WITH HER FEET

A young woman in Washington, recently returned from abroad, was describing her experiences in mountain-climbing to a friend in the diplomatic service. "Hi, mees," said the foreign diplomat, "so you climb zat mountain? Zat was a foot to be proud of!" "Parlon me count," said the American girl, "foot." "O-oh!" exclaimed the count, "so you climb him more than once?"—Argonaut.

SHOULD KNOW BETTER

Two Irishmen, at desperation point, held up a passing Scotchman. After a long, stiff fight in which the Scot very nearly had the best of them, they succeeded in getting him down. A close search revealed a tuppenny piece. "Troth, Mike," said Pat, disgustedly, "if he'd had sixpence he'd have murdered the two of us."

VICARIOUS SUFFERING

"Poor chap!" said the sympathetic clubman, as a tired-looking fellow member passed out of the door. He suffers terribly from nerves."

"I never knew he had them," said his companion.

"He hasn't," said the sympathizer. "They're his wife's."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A CORRECTION

"I have come to serve," asserted the missionary.

"No," retorted King Gumbo, the wretched chief of the cannibal tribe, "you have come to be served."

REASON ENOUGH

One of the boys of the village had a habit of walking about speaking to himself.

One day the minister met him and said: "I notice, Dick, that you speak a lot to yourself. What are your reasons for it?"

"Well, sir, I have two. The first is that nothing pleases me better than to speak to a sensible man and the second is that I like to have a sensible man speaking to me."

HOME TOWN CRITICISM

Chauncey Depew tells this one on Melville E. Ingalls, who as a railroad president had combined and rehabilitated several bankrupt lines. Ingalls returned for a rest to the little Maine village where he was born, and at the hot stove senate in the general store an old farmer said: "Melville, they dew tell that yer gettin' a salary of nigh on to \$10,000 every year." Ingalls, who was drawing several times that sum, admitted the ten thousand, whereupon the old farmer observed: "Well, that jest shows what luck an' cheek will dew fer a fellow."—Boston Globe.

LONG-EXPECTED

An apartment house on Riverside Drive, New York City, which goes in for heavy English service recently blossomed out with a new flunkey. A gentleman calling for Mrs. Brown was detained with the customary, "Is Mrs. Brown expecting you?" The caller blasted the new doorman with a glance. "My good man," was the unexpected answer, "Mrs. Brown was expecting me before I was born. She's my mother."

THE READING OF THE WILL

Congressman Will Wood, of Indiana, says an amusing incident occurred in a small Indiana town some years ago upon the occasion of the reading of the will of the head of the household. All of the children were present listening to the solemn reading of the be-spectacled lawyer. Several legacies were announced, and each recipient, as he was made aware of his good fortune, burst into tears and expressed the wish that his father might have lived to enjoy his fortune himself. Finally, there came this bequest: "I give to my eldest son, Sam, one dollar to buy a rope to hang himself." Sam, not to be outdone in filial feeling by his brothers, sobbed out, "Oh, that my poor father had lived to enjoy it himself."

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts is an ardent admirer of Daniel Webster, and tells many interesting stories about that famous statesman. His favorite story is about the finest compliment Webster ever received. He says that Webster had just won an important case for a Maine farmer, and as they were leaving the court house, the farmer proudly and gratefully gave Daniel a resounding slap on the back, saying, "Dan, you're a boss."

FORCE OF ARGUMENT

It came at the end of a torrid afternoon in the courthouse where Rufus was accused of stealing a mule. The evidence against him had seemed conclusive at first, but the defendant's lawyer had managed, after endless questioning, to tie the witnesses for the prosecution into a tangle of contradiction, while the dusky defendant sat watching him with admiring eyes. Finally the attorney called the defendant to the stand and put him through a long series of circumlocutions. The judge, trying to put an end to it all, interrupted, saying: "Rufus, answer me just one simple question. Did you or did you not steal that mule?"

"Well, sah," replied Rufus candidly, "Ah suttinly thought Ah did at da be ginnin', but dis lawyer gennueman o' mine has plumb raised a doubt in mah mind an' Ah ain't sho' now whether Ah did or Ah didn't."

MITIGATING

"Yes, Bill chased him two days with a shotgun, finally got a good head on him and shot him through the lung."

"Kill him?"

"Didn't they lynch Bill for cold-blooded murder?"

"Nope; the feller Bill shot didn't have a friend on earth, so the game warden just lined Bill two dollars for huntin' without a license."

TO SETTLE THE QUESTION

"Brothah Blinky, would yo-all be so kind as to lend me yo' razzor?"

"Suttinly, Brothah Blinky, so an yo' brings it back. Fo' what occasion does yo' requish its temporal possession?"

"Ah's jes' goin' to attend a li' social function. De members of de Klase an' Shine Litry Sassiety, of which Ah is president and chairman, is gwine have a frienly argumentation on de fundamentals of worl' peace."

STANTON WAS A MAN

OF FEW WORDS

"Uncle Joe" Cannon says that Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War, used shorter and fewer words in his official correspondence than any man who has ever held a cabinet position. According to "Uncle Joe," Stanton had a short-cut way of doing things and never wasted time or words. During the exciting days of the Civil War ex-Governor Letcher of Virginia was taken prisoner and confined in a Washington prison. In issuing a parole to him, Stanton wrote this characteristically short order:

"Washington, D. C., July 25, 1863.—John Letcher is hereby paroled. He will go home by the same road he came here, and will stay there and keep quiet."

"Edwila M. Stanton."

THE SLACKER

"Is Mrs. De Muir an active member of your sewing circle?"

"My goodness, no! She never has a word to say—just sits there and sews all the time."

"Cappy Ricks" at Crystal Friday and Saturday

Thomas Melghan, athletic Paramount star, is a brawny sailor's mate in his latest starring vehicle, "Cappy Ricks," which will be the feature at the Crystal Theater for two days this week, Friday and Saturday. As Matt Pansley in this refreshing picture of the sea, Mr. Melghan is said to have one of the best roles of his stellar career.

Mr. Melghan loves the sea and boats, and "Cappy Ricks" gives the star rare opportunities in sea scenes. The sea scenes were made in and near Boston and off the rocky Maine coast, where three sailing vessels and a tug, chartered by Paramount, were employed.

One scene of "Cappy Ricks" reveals a boat propelled toward the treacherous rocks by heavy seas and a high wind. A great risk was taken by the actors of this scene, as it was necessary to brave rough water and the possible danger of being stranded on the rocks.

Mr. Melghan and his crew learned something of navigation in "Cappy Ricks," for in the storm scenes the star was obliged to pilot the tug which went to the rescue of the distressed vessel. Agnes Ayres is leading woman and heads a strong supporting cast.

Two district dairy club shows were held in New Castle county, Del., Aug. 3 and 4, where club members demonstrated to dairy farmers their ability in selecting dairy animals and fitting them for exhibition, as trained by extension workers. Ninety farm boys and girls are reported to the United States Department of Agriculture as having been enrolled in dairy club in this county in the past four years, resulting in a noticeable increase of pure-bred dairy animals kept by adult farmers.

Georgia farmers shipped 10 carloads of live poultry cooperatively in the first six months of 1922, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture. This poultry was fed, managed, and standardized for shipment as recommended by state and county extension workers.

Demonstrations were carried on by county extension agents in 1921 on 250,000 farms with a variety of crops and animals. In connection with these demonstrations, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture, 75,000 field meetings were held, with an attendance of 1,000,000.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The Brook State Bank

located at Antioch, State of Illinois, at the close of business on the 15th day of Sept., 1922, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

RESOURCES	
1. Loans on Real Estate	\$ 80,954.00
2. Loans on Collateral Security	22,557.21
3. Other Loans	126,106.22
4. Overdrafts	88.61
5. U. S. Government Investments	14,550.00
6. Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	4,255.00
7. Due from Banks, Cash, and Other Cash Resources	131,231.72
Total Resources	\$ 406,833.45

LIABILITIES	
1. Capital Stock	25,000.00
2. Surplus	7,600.00
3. Undivided Profits (Net)	6,911.27
4. Time Deposits	129,238.03
5. Demand Deposits	219,038.17
6. Reserve Accounts for Taxes	156.53
Total Liabilities	\$ 406,833.45

I, J. Ernest Brook, Cashier of the Brook State Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. ERNEST BROOK, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of Sept., 1922.

E. ELMER BROOK, Notary Public.

Farmer's Line
E. J. Lutterman, D. D. S.
DENTIST
(Located with Dr. H. F. Baabe)
Antioch, Illinois

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Holds regular communications the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month. Visiting Brethren always welcome.

F. B. HUBER, Sec'y. H. R. ADAMS, W. M.
The Eastern Star meets second and fourth Thursday of each month.

ELMA SELTER, W. M.
JULIA ROSENFELDT, Sec.

Lotus Camp No. 557, M. W. A.

Meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month in the Woodman Hall, Antioch, Ill. Visiting Neighbors always welcome.

W. A. STORY, Clerk. J. C. JAMES, Y. C.

I. O. O. F. LODGE

Holds Regular Communications every Thursday evening. Visiting Brothers always welcome.

C. R. RUNYARD, N. G.
W. W. RUNYARD, Secretary.

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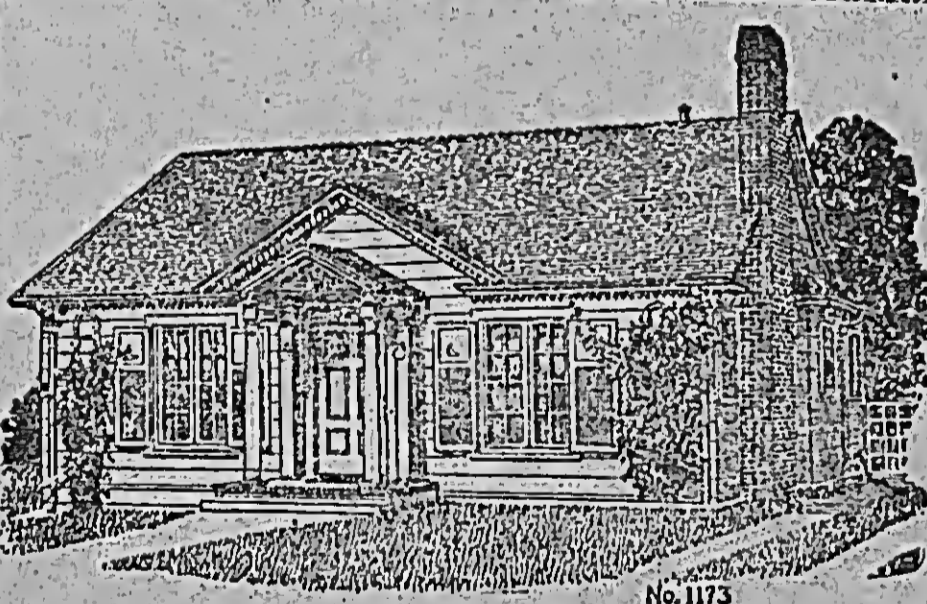
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Diamonds, watches and all kinds of jewelry at less than cost, at half the price you pay regular stores.
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HOW WOULD A HOME LIKE THIS SUIT YOU?

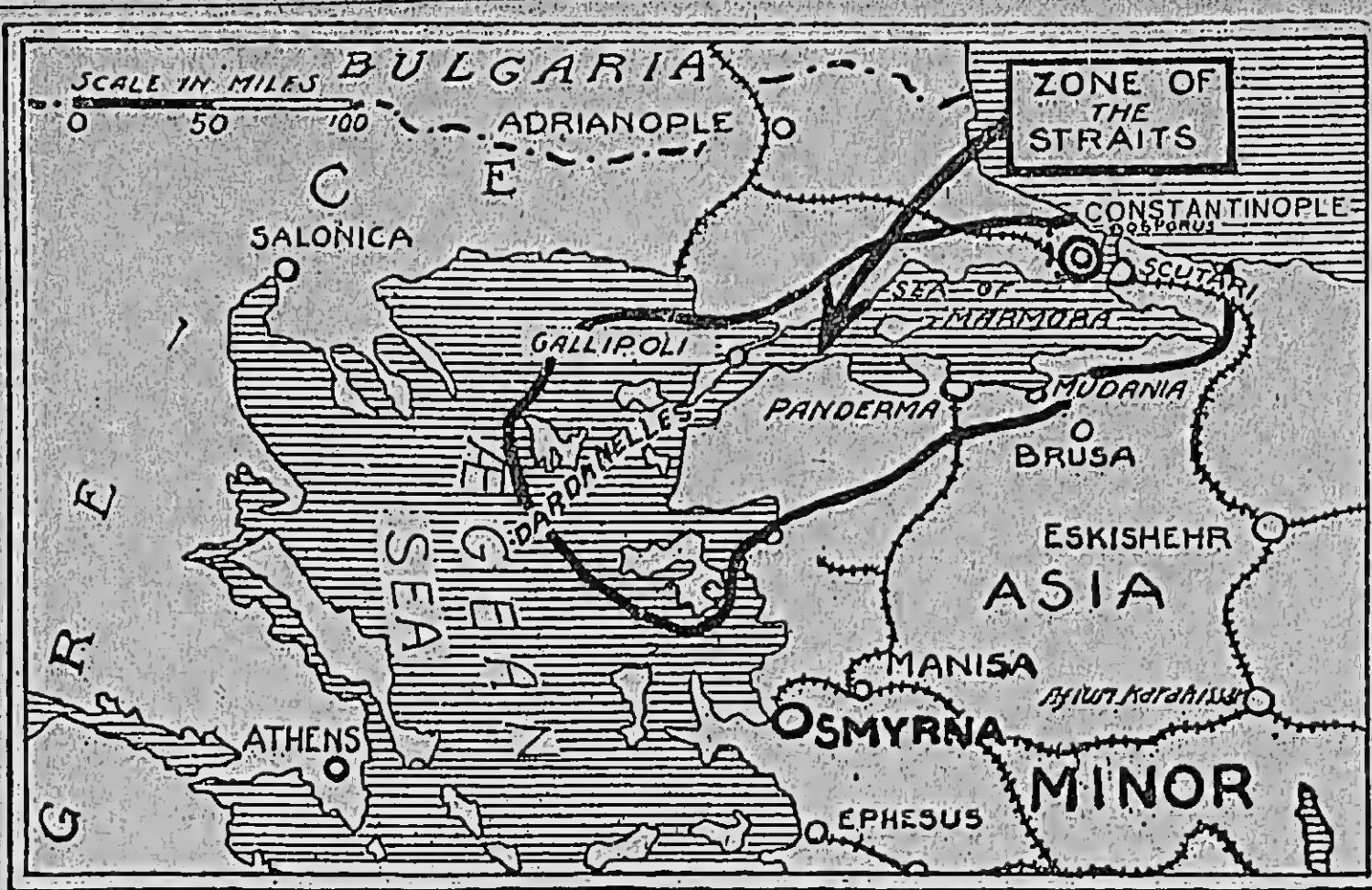
Here's a convenient little home in which the architect has worked out a low building cost and at the same time maintained the utmost in good looks.

WE CAN FURNISH THE COMPLETE BUILDING PLANS FOR THIS HOME AS WELL AS DOZENS OF OTHERS EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE.



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Lumber and Building Material
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Map of the Near East, showing the neutral zone, embracing Constantinople and the straits, which Great Britain says must not be invaded by the Turks.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Mustapha Kemal Pasha Holds the Key to the Situation in the Near East.

ALLIES PLAN A CONFERENCE

Will Not Permit Russia to Be Represented—British Public Protest Against War—Bonus Bill Killed by President's Veto—Tariff Measure Now Law.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD.

WHETHER or not there shall be another great war in the Near East depends on Mustapha Kemal Pasha. The masterful leader of the Turkish nationalists, having expelled the Greeks from Asia Minor, demands that Constantinople be restored to Turkey, that he be allowed to send troops across the straits to reconquer eastern Thrace from Greece, and a conference to arrange for guarantees for the neutrality of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus be held with every country bordering on the Black sea, especially Russia, represented.

To this England has formally replied that Constantinople will not be given up and that she will fight, alone if necessary, to keep the Turk from invading the neutralized zone that includes that city and the straits.

Kemal's forces in Anatolia are at the very edge of the zone, missed at Ismid and Chanak, and already encounters between his patrols and British outposts are reported. England is hurrying reinforcements for her land forces, and the entire British Adriatic fleet has been ordered to the Dardanelles. The dominions have been asked to be ready to send troops, and New Zealand and Australia have promised to do so if they are needed.

It appears that in this conflict, if it comes, Great Britain must stand practically alone against the Turks so far as military operations are concerned. France and Italy have declared they will have no part in it, and the former has withdrawn to the European side her troops in the neutral zone. Greece is quite demoralized and cannot be counted on to help much. The little entente, which is determined that neither Turkey nor Bulgaria shall get eastern Thrace, would be greatly hampered in war by mutual jealousies and threats of revolt in various regions.

Kemal's demand concerning representation in the peace conference met with a brusque reply when Margus Cyprian, British foreign minister, and Count Sforza, Italian ambassador to France, met Premier Poincaré to arrange for the parity. They announced that France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Greece, Turkey, Rumania and Rumania would participate in the conference to be held in Venice or Rome, and Kemal's demand that Russia be included was no less insistent than that of the soviet government, but General Daniloff, chief of the Russian general staff, denied the current report that Russia would give Kemal armed assistance, saying the big soviet army in the Caucasus was there to defend the frontiers and the east oil fields. "Russia has no intention of sending troops to Asia Minor," General Daniloff said, "nor is there any truth in the rumor of Russian reinforcements on the Estonian, Latvian or Polish frontiers. Russia does not want fighting on any front, and, besides, any military man knows it would be foolish to begin anything in September with winter imminent."

LOYD GEORGE'S policy, stern and uncompromising, though supported so far by most of his cabinet, may have to be modified. There is increasing protest by the press and people of England against Great Britain's undertaking any new war, and the opposition of the trades unions and in the great manufacturing centers is especially violent. There is a widespread feeling that the Turks really are entitled to repossess Constantinople so

long as they leave the straits free and unfortified. The dominions, though patriotic always, are rather cool toward fresh military operations; as has been said, little or no help can be expected from other allied nations, and Japan, according to a foreign office official in Tokyo, will stand absolutely aloof.

The British government believes its forces could successfully defend Constantinople and the straits without help, and perhaps they could. But it may be the Turkish offensive will not be confined to that region. There are reports which are more than rumors that the Nationalists are moving on Iraq, part of the British mandate in Mesopotamia, which is ruled nominally by Emir Faisal. Uprisings in that region are said to be becoming general, and the word came from an Anatolian news agency that the British garrisons had been worsted in several encounters with tribesmen and that Mosul was about to be evacuated. It is not unlikely that these reports are exaggerated, but the danger there is real, and is but a part of the threat of a holy war against Christendom. The trend toward this is especially strong in India, where immense throngs of Moslems gathered to rejoice over the victory of Kemal Pasha. In Calcutta speakers bitterly denounced the British policy in the Near East and asserted that seven million Moslems in India are being angered to the point of rising en masse to fight against the British for their legitimate aspirations. The central Khallat committee of India sent a cablegram to London saying:

"By their support of the Greek military adventure the British government has broken faith with India and the Moslem world. If England goes to war with Turkey now she will never be able to regain her prestige in India."

THROUGHOUT the struggle in Asia Minor the representatives of America, led by Rear Admiral Bristol, commissioner at Constantinople, and George Horton, consul general at Smyrna, have been chiefly concerned in the rescue of their nationals and the relief of the refugees. In this task they have been notably successful, and Mr. Horton bears witness to the bravery and unselfish devotion of the members of the American colony in Smyrna. Even the American women teachers in the Y. W. C. A. girls' school refused to leave their posts until driven away by the flames.

NO BONUS for the American soldiers and sailors of the World War—at least, none unless congress at the session beginning in December passes a satisfactory bill. The measure which went through the house last March and through the senate on August 31 was vetoed last Tuesday by President Harding. Next day the house overrode the veto by a vote of 253 to 54, but a few hours later the senate upheld the action of the President, the proponents of the bill being able to muster only 44 votes, four short of the required two-thirds majority. Twenty-eight senators voted against the measure this time, seven of them being Democrats. One of these was Senator Williams of Mississippi, and he could not resist the opportunity to exercise his caustic wit. "I'm just a plain dharm fool Mississippi Democrat," said he, "but I'm going to support a Republican President in this veto because he is right. The only wonder is that a Republican President could get so right."

President Harding in his veto message said that while he was "in accord with the avowed purpose of the bill to give expression of a nation's gratitude to those who served in its defense in the World War," he was constrained to return it without his approval for two reasons:

"First, because it failed to provide the revenue to defray its expense."

Second, because, he said, "it establishes the very dangerous precedent of creating a treasury covenant to pay which puts a burden variously estimated between \$4,000,000,000 and \$5,000,000,000 upon the American people, not to discharge an obligation, which the government always must pay, but to bestow a bonus which the soldiers themselves, while serving in the World War, did not expect."

Of such a way of rewarding patriotic service he said further: "A peace bestowed on the ex-service men, as

though the supreme offering could be paid for with cash, is a perversion of public funds, a reversal of the policy which exalted patriotic service in the past, and suggests that future defense is to be inspired by compensation rather than consciousness of duty to flag and country."

Whether he was right or wrong in his course, the President certainly was courageous, for the pressure brought to bear on him in favor of the bonus bill was tremendous, and the fall elections are not far away. But congress had refused to devise and enact a measure which he could approve in principle, so that the law maker, rather than the chief executive should bear the onus of adverse criticism. The American Legion and other advocates of compensation for the ex-service men will continue the agitation for a bonus.

IN THE presence of Representative Fordney and Senator McCumber the President on Thursday signed the tariff bill which bears their names, and it became effective at midnight. Vast quantities of imported merchandise were withdrawn from government warehouses just before the new rate went into effect, and vessels hurried into port to discharge their cargoes. Chairman Marvin of the tariff commission informed the President that his forces would have to be tripled in size because of the duties devolving on the commission through the operation of the so-called flexible and scientific provisions of the new law.

Mr. Harding also signed the Capper-Tincher act providing for regulation of trading in futures on grain exchanges.

HAVING accomplished what the Republican leaders called great achievements in legislation and economy and what their Democratic rivals described as nothing, or worse than nothing, congress wound up its long session on Friday and adjourned. The spokesmen for the majority especially stressed the fact that the national expenditure is being reduced at the rate of \$1,000,000,000 a year. They added that in three years the public debt has been reduced as much as it was reduced in fifty years following the Civil War. Senator Harrison, Democrat, said the record of congress was "a terrible thing to take back to the people."

CONGRESSMAN OSCAR KELLER of Minnesota sustained a severe jolt last week. He was the author of the resolution for the impeachment of Attorney General Daugherty, based on his obtaining the famous injunction against the striking railway shopmen, and also on his alleged failure to enforce the anti-trust laws. Mr. Keller had prepared his case and had induced Samuel Untermeyer, to present it before the house judiciary committee. Then that committee calmly and cold-bloodedly postponed the hearing until next December. Mr. Keller and Mr. Untermeyer were furious, and Sam Gompers denounced the committee's action as brazen effrontery. The executive council of the American Federation of Labor has set aside October 1 as "Impeachment day" for demonstrations against Mr. Daugherty and Judge Wilkerson, who granted the injunction.

AFTER 22 days of furious labor, the rescue crews at Jackson, Cal., reached the level of the gold mine in which 47 miners had been entombed by a fire, only to find that every one of them was dead. It was evident that they had succumbed to poisonous gases within a few hours.

THE League of Nations in session at Geneva devoted a lot of time to discussing naval disarmament without getting anywhere. The league assembly unanimously voted Hungary a member, and it was believed Germany would be admitted soon. General approval was given to the manner in which the mandates have been exercised, including the phosphate monopoly on the island of Nauru, which was questioned by the United States. The Bolivian delegate informed the assembly that "grave difficulties" menaced the relations between Bolivia and Chile unless the mediation of a friendly power or the arbitration of the league can be obtained.

OPPORTUNITY TO EVERY MAN

Life's Ambitions Can Generally Be Realized, If One Is Willing to Pay the Price.

Life's ideals are not always capable of being realized. Too many people have the same desires and get the same results. Besides, only a few can do what they thought they could. It's no wonder such folks are easy prey for the human vultures that hover near the carrion pits.

But this is no reason why you should join the ranks of the unfortunate. It's your time to make good, my boy. The old world has opportunities on the begging list. The trouble is folks don't want them.

Why not tackle the job nearest you? Put the enthusiasm of your play, and the intelligence of your best thinking into what you do. Play the game as if you meant to win. The results will justify you.

Your record will depend on you. Our greatest men are the product of their own industry. Head and hand write the record that places you among the nation's honored citizens. Each one doing his best can rise to the height of his ambitions if he will pay the price.—Grit.

Sparting Element.
"Golf is my favorite exercise."
"I prefer gardening. The implements are cheaper than those used in golf, and there's always a sporting chance that you may raise something fit to eat."—Boston Transcript.

The German Kaiser's Own Story

The long-awaited autobiography of Germany's deposed emperor will be published in The Chicago Daily News, beginning Tuesday, September 26, continuing in daily installments until completed.

The story is well told, and will command the attention of readers everywhere. Many of the author's opinions and statements are fantastic from the American point of view, but interest in the narrative is increased, rather than lessened, by this fact. Old controversies are sure to be revived, old discussions renewed, by the former kaiser's defense of Germany and his attacks on the leaders of other nations. For instance, he takes seriously the old absurd canard about a secret treaty against Germany and Austria, in 1897, by the United States, Great Britain and France. This is only one of his declarations that will amaze—and amuse—the American reader.

Beginning with a chapter on Bismarck, the ex-emperor traces history through four decades. In a general way the story is chronological, although in the opening chapters the writer often diverges into events long past, or into the remote future. But from the time he reaches the period immediately preceding the world war the story moves in rapid action and is in many respects informative, notwithstanding the author's prejudice, eccentricity, and, in many instances, his surprising misinformation.

It is a story of absorbing interest to the reader of history and of current events alike, and is bound to create a world of discussion. It deals not only with the direct events of the war, but covers a mass of most important collateral matter intimately or remotely related to the war.

Here are some of the significant "high spots" in a topical analysis of the story:

Why Bismarck Went Out
Diplomacy With England
Tangier Visit and Moroccan Crisis
Germany's Denial of War Aims
Propaganda Before War
Germans and Art Treasures
"The Wrong of Versailles"
Secret Talks with the Czar
Visit to Victoria's Deathbed
King Edward's "Encirclement"
Failure of German Diplomacy
Attitude of Sir Edward Gray

Emperor Karl of Austria
Swapping Zanzibar for Heligoland
Chamberlain Offer of Alliance
Russians as Asiatics
Germany's Naval Plans
Charges of Atrocities
Wilson and the 14 Points
Germany When Defeat Came
Fatherland and World's Opinion
The Flight to Holland
Why Kaiser Avoided Suicide
Germany of the Future

Publication of this remarkable autobiography began this week in The Chicago Daily News—the first installment on Tuesday, September 26. Newsdealers throughout the north-west have increased their usual supply of the paper, and can give new readers either back numbers beginning with Tuesday, or an advance "reprint" of all the chapters printed in the paper from Tuesday, September 26, to Saturday, September 30, thus insuring to every new reader "The German Kaiser's Own Story" from the beginning.

Readers who find it more convenient to get the paper by mail may send \$1.00 to The Chicago Daily News, 15 North Wells street, Chicago, and get it, postage paid, daily for two months.

BICYCLE FREE

Every "live kid" in the neighborhood will be riding a new coaster brake bike before Christmas. And for the GIRLS we will have GOLD WRIST WATCHES, and MOTHERS too, will not be forgotten. And the best part of the whole thing—they will all be given ABSOLUTELY FREE. Boys and girls from neighboring towns will be given the same as the Antioch kids. You don't have to spend a penny— You don't have to stay out of school to work— All you have to do is to—Read the story on the front page of

The ANTIOCH NEWS
NEXT WEEK

Local and Social Happenings

Mrs. Ben Fisher of Kenosha was an Antioch visitor Sunday.

Mrs. Julius Belter entertained her sister, Mrs. Charles Koch of Chicago the past week.

The Herb Vos and A. G. Watson home on Main street are receiving fresh coats of paint.

Regular stated meeting of Antioch chapter 428, O. E. S., will be held on Thursday, Sept. 28.

Miss Ella Ames spent several days the past week in Waukegan visiting her nephew and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alvers attended the funeral of Mrs. John Lee in Milwaukee Friday.

The Antioch Volunteer Fire Department will hold their annual dance on Armistice night, Nov. 11.

Mr. and Mrs. John Murray, who have been living in Superior, Wis., have returned to Antioch to live.

W. A. Rosing and family have returned home after enjoying an auto trip through the state of Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Mortenson and family motored to Kenosha on Sunday, calling on Mrs. Mortenson's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hostetter and family motored to Twin Lakes Sunday and spent the day with friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Middendorf left early Monday morning for a two weeks motor trip through Northern Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Williams returned Saturday of last week after a most enjoyable trip, in company with their daughter, Mrs. C. R. Anderson, and granddaughter, Lorraine, through the west. They visited Yellowstone Park, Portland, Ore., San Francisco, and then spent a month at Los Angeles. They made many side trips to points of interest along the coast, extending their tour into Mexico. On the return trip they visited the Grand Canyon of Arizona and Denver. Mr. Williams reports that they were fortunate in not experiencing a cloudy day throughout the trip.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Davis on Friday of last week a son.

Mr. D. McTaggart was a Chicago visitor Saturday, returning on Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Guenther, Jr., visited relatives in Chicago Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Horton have moved into their new bungalow on Spafford street.

Mr. Hillebrand leaves Monday for a short trip in the north with his son-in-law, George Lewis.

Miss Francis Quilan of Chicago and Mrs. O. L. Heye visited Saturday with Mrs. H. F. Beebe.

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Bright are entertaining the latter's mother, Mrs. DeLong of Footland, Ill.

Mrs. Garashe has returned to her home in Chicago after spending a week with Antioch relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Sullivan and family motored to Libertyville Sunday and spent the day with friends.

A number from Antioch were in attendance at a W. C. T. U. meeting held in Waukegan on Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Johnson were called to Clinton, Ill., Wednesday by the serious illness of Mr. Johnson's brother Fred.

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Nelson of Sandwich, Ill., visited several days the past week at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Ben Van Duzer.

Frank Harden lost the second finger on his left hand last week when he got his hand caught in the machinery of his corn shredder.

Mrs. Clara Turner left the latter part of last week to spend a week visiting at the home of her daughter, Mr. Farnum, at Norwood Park.

FINAL NOTICE OF WARNING

All hunters and trappers are hereby notified to keep off our premises as all trespassers will be prosecuted on and after this date. H. B. Pierce & Son. 4w1

Dr. Beebe has purchased a new Oakland Six, 1923 Sport Model.

Mrs. Elmer Hook of Gurnee visited Saturday with her daughter, Mrs. W. Rymer.

Mrs. F. Dibble motored to Waukegan with a party of friends one day last week.

Rev. and Mrs. Pollock of Palatine, Ill., spent the first of the week at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Arthur Maplethorpe.

Mr. N. C. Shuttle returned from his trip to Butternut, Wis., last week. He reports good fishing, but did not land any big ones.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Story and son visited over Sunday with Mrs. Story's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Turnock at Union Grove, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Chinn attended the funeral of L. K. Scofield at the North Shore cemetery near Waukegan Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Burke and son of Waukegan were over Sunday guests at the home of Mr. Burke's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Burke.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sibley and Mr. and Mrs. H. Bock have returned home after spending some time at Chetek, Wis., with relatives and they report having had a fine trip.

Mrs. Renehan of Grass Lake, Mrs. McVey and Mrs. Godfrey both of Chicago and Mrs. Frank Dibble motored to Lake Geneva last Thursday.

Clayton Lester has purchased a farm about 7 miles west of Burlington, Wis. He expects to move his family there about the first of October.

Clayton, Lester spent the past week in Chicago with relatives. Mrs. Lester went to Chicago the first of the week and accompanied her husband home.

Mrs. Walter Palmer spent last week at Lake Geneva with her sister, Mrs. Bailey, and other relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey accompanied her home on Sunday.

Word has been received from Dr. Morrell that he is having a fine time up at Chetek and has finished his cottage. "Doc" says the fishing is good with lots of pike.

Mrs. John Grimm has returned to her home here after spending the summer months with her daughters, Mrs. Will Tiffany and Mrs. Dr. Swartz and families at Chetek, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Guenther, Sr., moved their household furniture to Chicago on Monday where they expect to make their future home. Mr. Guenther is employed in a Chicago market.

The Antioch Band Association will open its season for 1922-23 in rehearsal every Monday evening commencing Oct. 2 at 7:45 sharp. All former members are urged to be on hand. New members are requested to report to G. A. Peterson, director.

JOHN ALDEN, of Chicago, has opened a studio for piano playing in Antioch and may be interviewed at Mrs. A. G. Watson, South Main st., on Saturday of each week. Chicago address, 6121 Langley ave. 3w4

Earthquake Traveled Fast.
An earthquake wave has been known to travel across the Pacific ocean in 12 hours and 10 minutes—that is at the rate of six miles a minute.

Country's Clover Crop.
The typical clover region of the United States occupies the northern part, extending west into Minnesota and south approximately to the Ohio river and the Mason and Dixon line.

if you think this garage is "Closed Until Further Notice" on account of the road, come down and see for yourself.

Tractors Overhauled

MAIN GARAGE

A. Maplethorpe, Prop.

Telephone 17
ANTIOCH

Obituary

Amelia Litwiler was born in the township of Avon, Lake County, July 21, 1848, and passed away at Lake Villa Sept. 20, 1922, aged 74 years, 1 month, 29 days.

Her parents came to Illinois in 1845 from Pennsylvania, locating in Lake County, near Taylor's lake, where her girlhood days were spent. In the early days she lived with her parents in a log cabin which they erected on the north bank of the lake.

On April 14, 1872, she was united in marriage to Ben Hamlin, thus rounding out slightly more than fifty years of married life, which, with the exception of two months, was spent in Lake County, near the place of her birth.

She leaves her husband, three sons, Charles B., Fred T. and Frank M., and two daughters, Nellie Hamlin and Mabel Cribb, all of whom reside at Lake Villa.

She was the fourth daughter of a family of four daughters and three sons, all of whom have passed on except one brother, S. C. Litwiler of Round Lake. Another brother, Joseph Litwiler of Waukegan, passed away Aug. 20, 1922.

Her many deeds of kindness in times of illness will be long remembered in those homes where he had helped. In her illness of eight months she was very patient, never complaining. The funeral was held from her home Saturday afternoon, Rev. McCloskey officiating. Burial took place in the Angola cemetery.

MRS. BESSIE GARRETT MILLER

Mrs. Bessie Garrett Miller of Milburn passed away Sunday night at the Victory Memorial hospital. She leaves an infant son six months old. She was 30 years old and is survived by her husband, Ralph Miller, and a mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Garrett, all residing at Milburn.

Funeral arrangements have not been completed.

CLOSED FOR MONTH OF OCTOBER
My dental office will be closed during the month of October. G. R. O'cott, Antioch. 4w3

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE, arrangements have been made to place the Chicago Sunday Herald and Examiner on sale at local newsdealers on Saturday. Buy it early and get the EIGHT PAGE COMIC SECTION, all in full colors. 2w4

Genius Explained.
Genius has been explained by an Irish surgeon as the product of a germ which gets into and around the human brain.

WANT ADS

Want Ads may be inserted in this column at a minimum rate of 2c. to and including 6 lines. Each additional line 6c. Want Ads received by telephone. Call Antioch 43, or Farmers Line.

FOR SALE—14-ft hunting boat, practically new. For further information see Floyd Mathews, Antioch, Ill. 3w2

WANTED—Competent girl or woman for general housework in family of two adults and two children. Good wages. Call Lake Villa 106-M. 2 tf

FOR RENT OR SALE—7 room house, water and electric light; in village. J. C. James. 3w1

THE MID WEST HOSPITAL, 1940 Park Ave., Chicago, Ill., registered school for nurses, is offering a two-year course of training, uniforms, board and room, laundry and expense money furnished.

AUTO BARGAINS

FORD TON TRUCK—Martin-Perry stake body and cab, new tires, A1 mechanical condition.

1918 FORD TOURING—Bargain at \$175. Must be sold immediately.

Cash or Terms on All Cars. New or Used

F. S. MORRELL
ANTIOCH, ILL. Phone 112-J

FOR SALE OR RENT—To responsible party, my farm of 153 acres located in the village of Antioch. For particulars write Joe Turner, Grayslake, Ill. 3w6

FOR SALE—New robe made of horse hide beautifully tanned by Martin of Milwaukee. Cheap. Phone 113-M. 4w2

DR. MORRELL RETURNS OCT. 3
I will return to my office in Antioch October 3rd. Dr. Morrell, Dentist. 4w1

NEWS WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

Free Radio Concerts

EVERY NIGHT

7 p. m. to 10 p. m.

ROTHERS RESORT
GRASS LAKE

All Wool Every one of fabrics we use in the making of our

Custom Tailored Suits

Is guaranteed absolutely 100 percent all wool. That assures richness of quality, shape-retaining style and lasting wear.

From the point of economy alone, you will find our custom tailored clothes the most satisfactory. Think, too, of other advantages—a suit made to your own measure; made from material that is your special choice among a hundred or so weaves, patterns and colorings; a model that is just what you want in every detail as well as in its general lines.

We are ready to show you the fabrics for this Fall and Winter season at prices ranging from

\$22.50 and up

PETERSON, the Tailor

ANTIOCH, ILL.

CRYSTAL
THE HOME OF THE BEST

Friday and Saturday, Sept. 29-30
THOMAS MEIGHAN and AGNES AYRES in

"CAPPY RICKS"

Ship and ocean. Mother and son. Lover and girl. Struggle and storm. From Frisco to Southern Isles. All the romance that life can know in this tingling tale of the sea.

Also Harry Sweet and Queenie, the horse, in a roaring comedy

Sunday, Oct. 1
MABEL NORMAND
In her latest and best comedy success

"Head Over Heels"

News and Paul Parrett Comedy

Wednesday, Oct. 4
BETTY COMPSON in

"At the End of the World"

A melodramatic sensation of the underworld, wreck and glorious regeneration, suffused with the lure of the sea and the unknown far east.

Also Brownie the Dog Comedy

SPECIAL
Friday and Saturday, Oct. 6-7—Two Days Only
HOUSE PETERS in

'Human Hearts'

The story the whole world loves, and dedicated to the Mothers of the World.

Coming—"TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM"—An old, old story just put into films.

Where Extra Service is Demanded
Firestone Cords Predominate

WHEREVER the excursions and tests of tires are most severe—there you will find Firestone Cords in universal use.

The hard jobs seek Firestone. And so well has Firestone responded under difficult conditions—so consistently has mileage mounted to totals impossible to obtain from ordinary tires that today Most Miles per Dollar is the buying slogan of thinking motorists everywhere.

The blending and tempering of rubber, gum-dipped cord construction, air-bag cure—all these mileage methods have

been developed by men whose life work is the production of constantly increasing tire values for the public.

Users in this vicinity verify Firestone reputation, and report almost daily some new Firestone record of extra distance travelled.

Don't be satisfied to buy tires—buy values—the longest mileage at the lowest price consistent with such reliable performance.

Make Most Miles per Dollar your principle of tire economy—choose your next tire on that basis.

MOST MILES per DOLLAR

Firestone
Gum-Dipped Cords

Antioch Sales & Service Station, Antioch, Ill.
Sibley & Hawkins, Antioch, Ill.

ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

By John Fox, Jr.

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COUSIN BARBARA

SYNOPSIS.—To the Kentucky wilderness outpost commanded by Jerome Sanders, in the time immediately preceding the Revolution, comes a white boy fleeing from a tribe of Shawnees by whom he had been captured and adopted as a son of the chief, Kahnoo. He is given shelter and attracts the favorable attention of Dave Yandoli, a leader among the settlers. The boy warns his new friends of the coming of a Shawnee war party. The fort is attacked, and only saved by the timely appearance of a party of Virginians. The leader of these is fatally wounded, but in his dying moments recognizes the fugitive youth as his son.

CHAPTER IV

The little girl rose startled, but her breeding was too fine for betrayal, and she went to him with hand outstretched. The boy took it as he had taken her father's, limply and without flinching. The father frowned and smiled—how could he have learned manners? And then he, too, saw the hole in the moccasin, through which the bleeding had started again.

"Take him into the kitchen, Barbara, and tell Hannah to wash his foot and bandage it."

The boy looked uncomfortable, and shook his head, but the little girl was smiling and she told him to come



"You Go On Back an' Wait for Yo' Company, Little Mias; I'll Tend to Him!"

with such sweet imperiousness that he rose helplessly. Old Hannah's eyes made a bewildered start!

"You go on back an' wait for yo' company, little mias; I'll tend to him!"

And when the boy still protested, she flared up:

"Look ye, son, little mias, tell me to wash ye' foot, an' I'll gwinter do it, ef I got to do ye' foot; now you keep still. What ye come from?"

His answer was a somewhat haughty grunt that at once touched the quick instincts of the old negress and checked further question. Swiftly and silently she bound his foot, and with great respect she led him to a little room in one of the great house in which was a tub of warm water.

"Ole marster say you been travelin' an' mebbe you like to refresh yo'self w'd a hot bath. Dar's some o' little marster's clothes on de bed dar, an' a pair o' his shoes, an' I know dey'll jus' fit you snug. You'll find all de folks on de front porch when you git through."

She closed the door. Once, winter end summer, the boy had daily plunged into the river with his Indian companions, but he had never had a bath in his life, and he did not know what the word meant; yet he had learned so much at the fort that he had no trouble making out what the tub of water was for. For the same reason he felt no surprise when he poked up the clothes; he was only puzzled how to get into them. He tried, and struggling with the breeches he threw one hand out to the wall to keep from falling and caught a red cord with a bushy red tassel; whereat there was a ringing that made him spring away from it. A moment later there was a knock at his door.

"Did you ring, suh?" asked a voice. What that meant he did not know, and he made no answer. The door was opened slightly and a woolly head appeared.

"Do you want anything, suh?"

"No."

"Den I reckon hit was anudder bell—yassuh."

The boy began putting on his own clothes.

Outside Colonel Dale and Barbara had strolled down the big path to the sun-dial, the colonel telling the story of the little Kentucky Kiaman—the little girl listening and wide-eyed.

"Is he going to live here with us, papa?"

"Perhaps. You must be very nice to him. He has lived a rude, rough life, but I can see he is very sensitive."

At the bend of the river there was the flash of dripping ears, and the song of the black oarsmen came across the yellow flood.

"There they come!" cried Barbara.

And from his window the little Kentucky Kiaman saw the company coming up the path, brave with gay clothes and smiles and gallantries. The colonel walked with a grand lady at the head, behind were the belles and beaux, and bringing up the rear was Barbara, escorted by a youth of his own age, who carried his hat under his arm and bore himself as haughtily as his elders.

No sooner did he see them mounting to the porch than there was the sound of a horn in the rear, and looking out of the other window the lad saw a coach and four dash through the gate and swing around the road that encircled the great trees, and up to the rear portico, where there was a joyous clatter of greetings.

Where did all these people come from? Were they going to stay there and would he have to be among them? All the men were dressed alike and not one was dressed like him.

Panic assailed him, and once more he looked at the clothes on the bed, and then without hesitation walked through the hallway, and stepped on the threshold of the front door. A quaint figure he made there, and for the moment the gay talk and laughter quite ceased. The story of him already had been told, and already was sweeping from cabin to cabin to the farthest edge of the great plantation.

No son of Powhatan could have stood there with more dignity, and young Harry Dale's face broke into a smile of welcome. His father being indoors, he went forward with hand outstretched.

"I am your cousin Harry," he said, and taking him by the arm he led him on the round of presentation.

"Mrs. Willoughby, may I present my cousin from Kentucky?"

"This is your cousin, Miss Katherine Dale; another cousin, Miss Mary; and this is your cousin Hugh."

And the young ladies greeted him with frank, eager interest, and the young gentlemen suddenly repressed patronizing smiles and gave him grave greetings, for it ever a rapier flashed from a human hand, it flashed from the piercing black eye of that little Kentucky backwoodsman when his cousin Hugh, with a rather whimsical smile, bowed with a politeness that was a trifle too elaborate.

Mrs. General Willoughby guessed how the lad's heart was thumping with the effort to conceal his embarrassment, and when a tinge of color spread on each side of his set mouth and his eyes began to waver uncertainly, her intuition was quick and kind.

"Barbara," she asked, "have you shown your cousin your ponies?"

The little girl saw her mother and laughed merrily:

"Why, I haven't had time to show him anything. Come on, cousin!"

The boy followed her down the steps in his noiseless moccasins, along a grass path between hedges of ancient box, around an ell, and past the kitchen and toward the stables. At the gate the little girl called imperiously:

"Ephraim, bring one of my ponies!"

And in a moment out came a sturdy little slave whose head was all black skin, black wool and white teeth, leading two creamy-white little horses that shook the lad's composure at last, for he knew ponies as far back as he could remember, but he had never seen the like of them. His hand almost trembled when he ran it over their sleek coats, and unconsciously he dropped into his Indian speech and did not know it until the girl asked laughingly:

"Why, what are you saying to my ponies?"

And he blushed, for the little girl's artless prattling and friendliness were already beginning to make him quite human.

"That's Indian talk."

Hugh had followed them.

"Barbara, your mother wants you," he said, and the little girl turned toward the house. The stranger was ill at ease with Hugh and the latter knew it.

"It must be very exciting where you live."

"How?"

"Oh, fighting Indians and shooting deer and turkeys and buffalo. It must be great fun."

"Nobody does it for fun—it's mighty hard work."

"My uncle—your father—used to tell us about his wonderful adventures out there."

"He had no chance to tell me."

"But yours must have been more wonderful than his."

The boy gave a little grunt that was a survival of his Indian life, and turned to go back to the house.

"But all this, I suppose, is as strange to you."

"More."

Hugh was polite and apparently sincere in interest, but the lad was vaguely disturbed and he quickened his step. The porch was empty when they turned the corner of the house, but young Harry Dale came running down the steps, his honest face alight, and caught the little Kentucky on his arm.

"Get ready for supper, Hugh—come on, cousin," he said, and led the stranger to his room and pointed to the clothes on the bed.

"Don't they fit?" he asked, smiling.

"I don't know—I don't know how to fit into 'em."

Young Harry laughed joyously.

"Of course not. I wouldn't know how to put yours on either. You just wait," he cried, and disappeared to return quickly with an armful of clothes.

"Take off your war-dress," he said, "and I'll show you."

With heart warning to such kindness, and helpless against it, the lad obeyed like a child and was dressed like a child.

"Now, I've got to hurry," said Harry. "I'll come back for you. Just look at yourself," he called at the door.

And the stranger did look at the wonderful vision that a great mirror as tall as himself gave back. His eyes began to sting, and he rubbed them with the back of his hand and looked at the hand curiously. It was moist. He had seen tears in a woman's eyes, but he did not know that they could come to a man and he felt ashamed.

CHAPTER V

The boy stood at a window looking out into the gathering dusk. The neighing of horses, the lowing of cattle, the piping of roosting turkeys and motherly clatter of nestling hens, the wild songs of negroes, the sounds of busy preparation through the house and from the kitchen—all were sounds of peace and plenty, security and service. And over in his own wilds at that hour they were driving cows and herds into the stockade. They were cooking their rude supper in the open. A man had gone to each of the watch-towers. From the blackening woods came the curdling cry of a panther and the howling of owls. A vulture over the still westward wilds were the wiggles of squaws; paposes, braves, the red men—red in skin, in blood, in heart, and red with hate against the whites.

Perhaps they were circling a fire at that moment in a frozen war-dance—perhaps the howling at that moment from the woods around the fort was not the howling of owls at all. There all was hardship—danger; here all was comfort and peace. If they could see him now! See his room, his fire, his bed, his clothes! They had told him to come, and yet he felt now the shame of desertion. He had come, but he would not stay long away. The door opened, he turned, and Harry Dale came eagerly in.

"Mother wants to see you."

The two boys paused in the hall and Harry pointed to a pair of crossed rapiers over the mantelpiece.

"Those were your father's," he said; "he was a wonderful fencer."

The lad shook his head in ignorance, and Harry smiled.

"I'll show you tomorrow."

At a door in the other ell Harry knocked gently, and a voice that was low and sweet but vibrant with imperiousness called:

"Come in!"

"Here he is, mother."

The lad stepped into warmth, subtle fragrance and many candle lights. The great lady was just rising from a

chair in front of her mirror, brocaded, powdered and starred with jewels. So brilliant a vision almost stunned the little stranger and it took an effort for him to lift his eyes to hers.

"Why, this is not the lad you told me of," she said. "Come here! Both of you." They came and the lady scrutinized them comparably.

"Actually you look alike—and, Harry, you have no advantage, even if you are my own son. I am glad you are here," she said with sudden soberness, and smiling tenderly she put both hands on his shoulders, drew him to her and kissed him, and again he felt in his eyes that curious sting.

"You fight with 'em? I want to learn how to use them!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lines to Be Remembered.

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace like a clock during a thunderstorm.—R. L. Stevenson



"Here He is, Mother."

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Young Harry laughed joyously.

Rheumatism and Dyspepsia Are Soon Ended

Victims of stomach trouble and rheumatism often find that when their stomach is set in order, the rheumatism disappears. Thousands of people everywhere have testified that Tanlac has freed them of both troubles simultaneously. Mr. Robert Trotter, 148 State St., St. Paul, Minn., says:

"About a year ago I began to go down hill. Stomach and rheumatism in my arms and shoulders kept me in misery all the time. Since taking Tanlac all my aches and pains have gone, and my stomach is in fine shape. I'm glad to endorse such a fine medicine."

Badly digested food fills the whole system with poisons. Rheumatism and many other complaints not generally recognized as having their origin in the stomach quickly respond to the right treatment. Get a bottle to-day at any good druggist.—Advertisement.

Spills Cat's Appetite. Cats and canaries are supposed to be deadly enemies with most of the animals on the side of the cat. Women folk who like them both as pets generally have to choose between the two and one or the other is barred from the home. How to have them both and induce them to live in peace and harmony together has worried many a housewife. An East Orange woman has solved the problem. A visitor at her home recently noticed the family cat cringe in terror as it passed under the bird cage on its way to the door.

The woman explained her system of training. She says she secretly took the bird from the cage and let the cat pounce upon it. When the feline investigator stuck its head inside she slammed the door on it and let the cat struggle to get free until nearly exhausted. That cured the cat of nosing around the bird cage.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Prolific Writer. Claribel, age twelve, is a regular reader of poetry. Not infrequently she notes a poem signed "Anonymous." That puzzled her and one day she asked her father who "Anonymous" is. Father had to admit he did not know.

"Well," said Claribel, "he certainly writes a lot of poems."

It is more blessed to give than to receive is a motto for those who have to give.

Try This. Files cannot stand extreme cold. By catching them and placing them in the refrigerator overnight you will soon get them so pliable that they cannot fly about and bother you.—Boston Transcript.

The Little Dipper. Tem (at "bathing beach")—What caused that splash? Joe—Oh, a mere slip of a girl.

TIME HAD CHANGED THINGS. Fare Offered Might Have Satisfied Conductor Once, but Not at This Day and Date.

My young daughter and I were starting for the country. I purchased the tickets and we hurried on the train, finding a crowded coach. Not being able to secure two seats together, I gave both her ticket and found a seat for myself in the forward end of the car.

Soon the conductor came along collecting fares. I handed him my ticket and settled back comfortably in my seat. He looked first at the little piece of cardboard and then at me. I am fair, fat and forty.

He seemed rather amused as he returned the ticket with these words, "This might have gone at one time, but I am afraid it won't do now."

I didn't stop to argue, for as I glanced at the ticket I saw I had retained the half fare and given the full fare to my young daughter.—Chicago Tribune.

Read This Letter from Mrs. W. S. Hughes

Greenville, Del.—"I was under the impression that my eldest daughter had some internal trouble as ever since the first time her sickness appeared she had to go to bed and even had to quit school once for a week. I always take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound myself so I gave it to her and she has received great benefit from it. You can use this letter for a testimonial if you wish, as I cannot say too much about what your medicine has done for me and for my daughter."—Mrs. Wm. S. Hughes, Greenville, Delaware.

Mothers and oftentimes grandmothers have taken and have learned the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. So they recommend the medicine to others.

The best test of any medicine is what it has done for others. For nearly fifty years we have published letters from mothers, daughters, and women; young and old, recommending the Vegetable Compound. They knew what it did for them and are glad to tell others. In your own neighborhood are women who know of its great value.

Mothers—daughters, why not try it?

Cuticura Soap

IS IDEAL For the Hands

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

2IN1 Shoe Polishes

America's Fastest Selling SHOE POLISH

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 39-1922.

Some More Truths.

WOULD you use a steam shovel to move a pebble? Certainly not. Implements are built according to the work they have to do.

Would you use a grown-up's remedy for your baby's ills? Certainly not. Remedies are prepared according to the work THEY have to do.

All this is preliminary to reminding you that Fletcher's Castoria was sought out, found and is prepared solely as a remedy for Infants and Children. And let this be a warning against Substitutes, Counterfeits and the Just-as-good stuff that may be all right for you in all your strength, but dangerous for the little babe.

All the mother-love that lies within your heart cries out to you: Be true to Baby. And being true to Baby you will keep in the house remedies specially prepared for babies as you would a baby's food, hairbrush, toothbrush or sponge.

Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

Are You Prepared?

A doctor in the house all the time would be a good idea. Yet you can't afford to keep a doctor in the family to keep baby well or prevent sickness. But you can do almost the same thing by having at hand a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria, because it is a wonderful remedy for indigestion, colic, feverishness, fretfulness and all the other disorders that result from common ailments that babies have.

Fletcher's Castoria is perfectly safe to use. It is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. Children cry for Fletcher's Castoria, and mothers recommend it because they have found it a comfort to children and a mother's friend.

If you love your baby, you know how sweet it is to be able to help baby when trouble comes. You cannot always call upon a doctor. But doctors have nothing but good to say of Fletcher's Castoria, because they know that it can only do good—that it can't do any harm—and they wouldn't want you to use for baby a remedy that you would use for yourself.

MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Net Contents 15 Fluid Ounces

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL-3 PER CENT.

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food by Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared at

Warranted Purely Vegetable

A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea, and Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in Infancy.

Facsimile Signature of

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 Doses - 40 CENTS

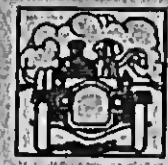
10 Cents

Gives Charming New Color Tone to Old Sweaters

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES—dyes or tints as you wish



Rural News Notes



BRISTOL

Mrs. E. Dixon and family motored to Big Bend, to visit friends one day last week.

Mrs. Ed Fox entertained the club on Thursday for luncheon. Covers were laid for about fifteen guests.

Rev. and Mrs. Hoyer returned on Friday from Iowa, where they were called on account of the death of their eighteen year-old grandson.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Murdock and Miss Edith motored to Waukesha on Sunday.

Clare Bryant who graduated from the Kenosha high school in June is taking a special course at Ripon college, Wisconsin.

Miss Edith Gunter, Miss Violet King and Miss Francis Hunt are taking teachers training at the preparatory school at Union Grove this year.

H. B. Gaines and family motored to Milwaukee Thursday last and on Friday they also made the trip cross country to Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Pike returned Saturday from Omaha, Neb., where they have been spending the past two weeks with their daughter, Mrs. O. Monroe.

Mrs. A. C. Harte's brother returned to Stevens Point, Wis., Sunday.

Mr. Vrooman of Kokomo, Ind., is visiting at the home of Mrs. J. A. King.

Wm. Zuelsdorf had the misfortune to cut his foot quite badly in the feed cutter last week, but is around again.

Noval Cass motored down from Kankakee, Wis., last week and Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Cass accompanied him home, where they will remain for a couple of weeks visit with their son and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Stewart have moved into the flat above William Lamb's.

Ernest Knapp of Neenah, Wis., was entertained at the home of his parents and other relatives last week.

Mr. John King of Antioch after spending several days visiting relatives here and vicinity went to Danville, Ill., last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Davies gave a party to about thirty of the young friends of their daughter, Perdent on last Thursday evening.

Next Sunday morning service will be occupied by the Sunday School as preparations are being made for Rally Day services.

The Ladies Aid will meet with Mrs. E. L. Stonebreaker on Thursday afternoon of this week. It will be the meeting for the annual election of officers.

Rev. Teltze was returned to this charge, English Methodist, for another year, having received a unanimous vote for his return.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Peterson start for the Dells of Wisconsin on Thursday and will return Saturday, accompanied by her brother, John Giever and friend of Bennans Corners.

Mrs. Tietze returned from St. Charles, Mo., Monday accompanied by her mother. Rev. Tietze met them in Milwaukee with his car.

There will be a Sunday School social in the Bristol hall on Friday evening of this week. There will be games and stunts and a general good time for the children and the grown up's in the Sunday School. This will be preliminary to the Sunday School rally on the following Sunday.

A card party will be held Saturday at the home of Mr. McGugin in East Bristol in the interest of St. Mary's church.

HICKORY

The Cemetery Society was well attended last week Thursday. A number from Kenosha were present.

B. Webb and wife autoed to River Forest Friday.

Mrs. Erb and family of Chicago and Mrs. Elizabeth Erb of Evanston visited at the A. T. Savage home over Sunday.

Webb and Helen Edwards of River Forest visited in the home of their grandparents over Sunday.

Mrs. Harry Gibson is in Chicago this week. Little Miss Carl left for Oklahoma Friday to attend school.

Mrs. Emily Mann and Miss Josef Mann are visiting at A. T. Savage's.

Mrs. George Edwards returned to Waukegan on Saturday after spending some time in the home of her son Bert.

Miss Cora Edwards and two friends of Waukegan spent last week Wednesday in the home of her brother.

TREVOR

Mrs. Copper of Aurora, Ill., spent the past week with Mrs. Jos. Smith.

A train load of sheep from the west were unloaded at the Stock yards on Monday and Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hasselman are spending the week with the latter's parents in Forest Park and also with sisters in Chicago.

Fred Schreck transacted business in Kenosha Tuesday.

On account of the rainy day there was a small attendance at the Cemetery society meeting held at the hall Tuesday afternoon.

Trevor was well represented at the Fair at Wilmet Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. Alvin Hahn and granddaughters, Dorothy and Mildred visited on Wednesday and Thursday with relatives in Chicago.

Mr. Volger of Chicago were callers here Friday.

Rev. Brown of Hartford, Wis., and Rev. Freeling called on Miss Patrick Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Caroline Bohm and daughters of Chicago, were callers here Saturday.

Shepherd and Strausholm of Chicago attended a meeting of the farmers at the milk factory Saturday evening.

Miss Vivian and Miss Eeder spent the week end at the former's home at Yorkville, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Martin and daughter, Betty Jane of Kenosha were over Sunday visitors with Mrs. Martin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Mathews.

Miss Oswald spent the week end at the Fred Schreck home.

Peter Christensen of Richmond, Ill., was assisting at the Pickle factory on Friday.

The making of sauer kraut commenced at the factory Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Pacey near Wilmet called at the H. C. Patrick home Sunday evening.

Miss Margaret Smallfeldt of Silver Lake was a Trevor caller Monday.

Mr. and Mr. Chas. Oetting entertained a few friends for dinner Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Foster and children autoed to Oak Park, Ill., Sunday and spent the day with friends.

Mayor and Mrs. Kruckman of Burlington called on Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Patrick Sunday.

Charles Oetting transacted business in Chicago Tuesday.

The following is the correct list of the new officers elected by the Mystic Workers at a recent meeting. Perfect, Annie Smith; Mentor, Elmer Mickle; Secretary, Amelia Mathews; Banker, Fred Schreck; Marshall, Minnie Lubano; Warden, Sam Mathews; Sentinel, Ed. Pilsen; the supervisors are Loris Mickle, Minnie Baethke and Joseph Smith.

Everyone interested in church service in Trevor are requested to meet at Trevor social hall on Monday, Oct. 2nd at eight o'clock.

Steam Lamp Chimneys. Lamp chimneys can be quickly cleaned by holding the hand over one end and putting the other end over the spout of a shimmering kettle. Rub at once with tissue paper.

MICKIE SAYS

HEY, FOLKS, LISSEN! I'M OUT TON' LOOKIN' FER MONEY, SO IF YA SEE ANY BELONGIN' TO US, PLEASE RUN IT IN! WE DON'T KEER FER TH' DERN STUFF BUT WE GOT T' HAVE IT T' KEEP THIS GREAT FAMILY JOURNAL COMIN' TO YA! AN' PLEASE MENTION MY NAME!



LAKE VILLA

Fred Hussey and mother of Evanston spent the week end with Mrs. and Mrs. R. E. Hussey.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mencham entertained relatives from Wisconsin over the week end.

The Ladies' Aid will hold its regular business meeting and election of officers with Mrs. Fred Hamila on Wednesday, Oct. 4. Let us have a full attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Drom of Antioch spent Saturday with Mrs. Richards and Belle.

Albert Kappla and George McCredie, in company with other town clerks and highway commissioners, attended the State Fair at Springfield a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Schimburg and daughter of Highland Park, and Mr. and Mrs. George Feck of Evanston spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. Thayer.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Hole and daughter of Lexington, Ky., spent last Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hamila.

Services at the "Church on the Hill" will be "Rally Day" services for both Sunday School and Church, and everyone is urged to make a special effort to attend. Last Sunday was "Promotion Day" in Sunday School, and we hope to start the new classes with a boost in the right direction. Bring your dinner and join the others in the social dinner hour. An afternoon service will be held instead of an evening service. This will be the last Sunday that Mr. and Mrs. McCloskey can be with us, so let us make it a real Rally Day.

C. W. Corson transacted business at the county seat Saturday.

Everett Culver, who underwent an operation at the McAllister hospital in Waukegan, is doing nicely.

Mrs. Alice Phalen of Kenosha spent from Friday till Monday evening with the Hamila family.

Miss Laura Carpenter of Chicago is spending the week with Mrs. S. M. Sherwood.

Miss Alice Howard spent a few days last week with relatives in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Potter spent Sunday afternoon with Earl Potter and family at Hubbard Woods.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Walker, Jr., are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son at the Lake County hospital last week, Tuesday, Sept. 19.

Miss Frances Tweed spent the week end with Libertyville friends.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Manzer were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wright at Bruce's Lake on Sunday.

Mrs. Flora Gooding and children of Grayslake spent Sunday with her parents here.

WILMOT

Mr. and Mr. W. Valbrecht entertained Mr. and Mrs. H. Spear of Sharon and Mr. and Mrs. D. Oxtoby of Spring Grove and Mrs. J. Motley at a dinner Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Nett and children were at Burlington Friday.

Vera Hegeman was in Kenosha several days last week. Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Wright were in Burlington Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mockenbush and children of Richmond were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holtorf.

Wilmet lost to McHenry on Sunday 8-1. The former Wilmet battery of Hegeman and Richter worked for McHenry and were most of the show during the game. Richter allowed 4 hits and struck out 10 men. Edgar allowed 5 hits and struck out 7. Next Sunday will be the deciding game of the series with Lake Villa and Wilmet and this game will be played at Wilmet's baseball park. Lake Villa has a record of having won 29 out of 32 games and Wilmet was one of the three clubs to defeat them. This third game promises to be a hard fought battle and in all likelihood will be the last played by the Wilmet team for this season.

There will be an adult Sunday School class started this coming Sunday at the M. E. Church at 10:00 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended for all to attend.

Mrs. D. Brownell entertained Mr. and Mrs. R. Brownell and Mr. and Mrs. H. Brownell of Milwaukee Sunday.

Anne Murphy was home from Kenosha over the week end. Louise Corr and Mary Marlett came with her.

Mrs. W. Winn and children of Richmond were at the Leola Hegeman home for several days last week.

New Line of Phonographs

Brunswick

Will Be Here in a Few Days

King's Drug Store
Antioch

Ed. Nett from Ft. Atkinson spent the past week with Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Harms.

Mrs. C. Lester of Antioch was at the R. C. Shottliffe home the last of the week.

Ruth Morgan was back from Stoughton, where she is teaching in the high school, for the fair.

Irving Carey was in Milwaukee on Monday.

A. Williams went to Milwaukee the first of the week.

Beatrice Duffy and Mrs. H. Hunter of Antioch came to the fair Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Higgins have sold their home east of the village to William Frazier of Kenosha. Mr. and Mrs. Frazier will take possession the first of next month.

Mrs. Winkler and daughter Emma of Burlington and Agnes Kohler of Fox River spent the last week with the Charles Rusch family.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Reynolds were in Burlington Sunday.

Mr. and Mr. Edward Baulden and daughter were out from Chicago for a short visit at the H. J. Boulden home during the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Kruckman and Dale were at Crystal Lake Sunday.

Guests of Mrs. C. McClellan during the last week were Mrs. Holmes and daughter Neva, Mrs. Simpson of Genoa, Mrs. O. Bauman, Twin Lakes, Mr. and Mrs. Schmalzfeldt and daughters and Grace Dunkirk of Kenosha.

Mrs. F. Kruckman, Ruth and Alleen Morgan spent Saturday in Kenosha.

Mrs. J. Sibbey of Antioch and Mrs. H. Benedict of Powers Lake were entertained by Mrs. G. Winchell the last week.

Mrs. H. Hund and Mrs. Anna Madden of Detroit motored to Wilmet last week for the fair. They left for Detroit Wednesday after spending a few days with relatives and friends.

The third annual fair of the West Kenosha County Fair association, held at the Wilmet school park, three days of the past week was highly successful and exceptionally well attended.

U. F. H. School Notes. There was much rivalry between the various classes in decorating their floats. The juniors were awarded first prize, the seniors, second, and the freshmen third.

The students of the U. F. H. school appreciate greatly the efforts put forth by the women of the community for the benefit of the gymnasium.

A number of new students have registered recently. The total enrollment now is 78, of which number 31 are freshmen.

Anna Murphy has withdrawn from school.

Pearl Vollbrecht visited school on Tuesday.

The Latin books arrived Monday and the study of Latin has now begun in earnest.

Arthur Flegol has returned to school after a week's absence.

The piano has been reinstated in the main room, and from now on classes will march to music.

Couldn't Pronounce "R." The letter "r" was the one which Demosthenes could not pronounce. This peculiarity was also true of Aristotle.

Nature Pointed Way to Man. Electricians coil wires to make them elastic. Wild cucumbers coiled their tendrils for the same purpose thousands of years before electricity was thought of.

BERNICE

By JANE JORDAN

(© 1918, by Western Newspaper Union.)

Gordon hated the name of Bernice. He had his reason. Back in the impressionable days of infancy, Gordon had known a Bernice, a mischievous, spite-enjoying playmate who knew how to make him wince in painful embarrassment, in the presence of grownups, and, who later, defeated him shamefully in athletic games.

"When I'm dead," she told him with great satisfaction, "I'll come back and haunt you."

Her gipsy-black eyes had shone delightedly over his own wide-eyed terror.

Gordon, leaning back in a Pullman chair, fancied that Bernice was not dead. Only the good are said to die young; he thought it likely that the persistent and energetic young woman was now making some sublimely handsome life miserable. So, Gordon told himself, as he stooped to pick up the card before him, which had recalled unpleasant memories, "Bernice" was written on this card in neat script.

The detested name at least was bound to haunt him. Quizzically he turned the card over in his hand, then bent to offer it to a young woman in the chair in front.

"Not mine," she answered coldly. Gordon laid the card on the window sill.

Back there in the office his nerves had been worn to edge; he anticipated enjoyably the long drive to the inn, and gratefully he drew in the fragrance of the pines, as they drove through the inn gardens.

He had donned his white flannels and was crossing the lawn later, when a second white card attracted his attention. He had determined to pass so trifling an object by when he turned again to pick up the small square. "Bernice," he read, with this time the added name of Barton. Then this person was not his despised playmate of old. Well, there was relief in that; he would not be brought up forcibly to face her in the social seaside inn.

A very beautiful girl sat watching the tennis players. She glanced up absently at Gordon then resumed her interest in the game. Gordon was entranced. Palmer came up to him amusedly.

"Bewitched Gordon?" he asked, and sat down. "Bernice is a good looking, I'll admit; but you have been sitting here without blinking, your gaze fastened on her features for the last half-hour. It was funny. I've been watching you."

"Bernice!" muttered Gordon. "Oh, come on away," he added disgustedly. But meeting with the beauty who thereafter filled his thoughts was unavoidable.

When he passed the fair Bernice one day in the road, where she stood perplexedly beside her stalled motor. It was his turn to offer assistance.

and hers, to return the courtesy by driving him back to the inn. As the day was delightful, the drive was taken in a roundabout way. Gordon and his divinity of the despised name progressed quickly from chance acquaintance to friendship.

Laughingly, he told her of the haunting cards which had confronted him, and smilingly she agreed that they had been her own.

After his third moonlight walk with the enchanting Bernice, he was so deeply and hopelessly in love that even she secretly compassionated him. She was not quite sure what she was going to do about it, and she took to the high rest in the tree, to think it over. This tree had a protecting arm to lean against and leafy boughs to screen one. So Bernice sat, when she saw Gordon come, looking for her, and in a manner of Bernice of long ago, tossed a locket out on the lawn. Gordon stooped to pick the object up. Then, standing beneath the tree, he examined it.

The golden letters on the cover read "Bernice," and inside, beneath a child's lovely face was inscribed, "Bernice the second." The baby face was a small replica of the face of the woman that Gordon loved. Long, he stood wondering. He had seen a pretty child romping with Bernice, out where the swings were beneath the trees, or dancing at her side down the road. He had supposed the child to be a younger guest of the inn. She had not sat at table where the lovely one usually ate her meals in company with several other women.

Well, he had been an idiot. He was most miserable as he strode back beneath the tree. He would go away without delay, back to the work that had not racked or torn him as this summer incident had done.

"Take me up," cried a childish voice; a tiny girl danced beneath a spreading tree. It was the "little girl."

"Take me up, Aunt Bernice, I want to sit beside you." "Aunt Bernice!" Gordon stopped short. A laughing face looked down through leafy branches. "I am coming down myself," said the young woman of serene blue eyes—and she came. Gordon was incoherent in his speech, but she understood his question.

"There were only two names on the register—Mr. and Mrs. Barton."

"My brother's and sister-in-law; Bernice, my little niece, is called for me."

Gordon drew a long breath of relief. "Let me help you down from that tree," he commanded.

"All right," agreed the lovely one, "I've settled my problem."

Where to Store Coal. Coal, when stored in a dry, airy place, will burn much better, and with much less waste, than if placed in a close, poorly ventilated cellar.

Excellent Advice. The best advice handed out in a long time is, "So live that you won't ask to live; it kept out of the papers." —Bridgeport Post.



THE STRAW VOTE

The anxious moment! You hope it won't fall. Is it done? Will it be good?

We know it will be good if you used ANTIOCH BEST FLOUR.

It will be good because ANTIOCH BEST FLOUR is good. It is made from the best of wheat, in a clean, sanitary mill, and in a scientific manner.

When you use ANTIOCH BEST FLOUR your baking results are assured.

Remember, bakings can be no better than the flour from which they are made.

We take no risk in giving an absolute guarantee with every sack of ANTIOCH BEST FLOUR; for we know it is right. So do the users.

Antioch Milling Co.

ANTIOCH, ILL.